



# TONTOQUONIAN

1939





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SAUGUS HIGH SCHOOL  
SAUGUS, MASSACHUSETTS

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## Foreword

The Senior Editors take this opportunity to thank the entire student body for its support and gratifying interest, without which the Annual could not have been successfully presented.

As we offer this first issue of the revised Tontoquonian, we express the wish that future staffs may, with the continued co-operation and encouragement of the faculty, maintain the ideals embodied in it.

The Staff voices its sincere appreciation of Mr. Burns' untiring efforts, advice, and time freely spent in compiling this publication, and of Miss Marison's expert management of the very successful advertising campaign.

IN MEMORIAM



DOROTHY EYRE

A true friend and understanding teacher.

TO  
ELMER WATSON

Sincere friend and adviser, we, the Class of  
1939, dedicate this, the first issue of the new  
Tontoquonian.

T H E D E D





I C A T I O N



VERNON W. EVANS

Life is but a short journey. Yet it never should be judged by its span of years. Rather should it be appraised by its quality. It is the use you make of your life that really counts. Education is really preparation for a richer and fuller life. Such a life, though chronologically short, may be long in the quality of its texture.

I urge you to be considerate always of your fellow men and women. Be altruistic in impulse and deed. Life's richest rewards come through service to others. Always be ready to extend a helping hand to those less fortunate than you. Of such things is true character builded.

Be able to sing when you feel more like quitting. Many a song has driven the blackest clouds away. The world loves a man who keeps his chin up and his head erect. A smile and a song keep chins from drooping.

Lastly have an abiding faith in God, your fellow man, and most certainly yourself.

Vernon W. Evans, *Superintendent of Schools.*



JOHN A. W. PEARCE

It is with utmost pleasure that I accept the opportunity of thus introducing the Saugus High School *Annual*, a new literary venture for all the students of our school. It may be of interest to point out the manner in which this publication differs from the usual yearbook. The essential idea is the presentation of the annual publication devoted primarily to the Seniors, their activities, and their interests; the preparation of which makes use of the talents of all and any of the high school students who are interested regardless of class. This means that the new *Annual* is no longer simply a Senior publication. It is the hope that this plan will lighten the burden of the Seniors and that by more inclusive participation, it will improve the calibre of the book.

I am sure that the first issue of the Saugus High School *Annual* is conclusive proof of the soundness of the idea and the staff is to be congratulated for the outstanding success of their labors. May future staffs continue in a similar fashion, making the *Annual* a fine Saugus High School tradition.

John A. W. Pearce, *Principal*



I drew this





# Faculty



*Third Row:* Mr. Albert MacVicar, Mr. Edward Hayes, Mr. Frank Patterson, Mr. Earle Chadsey, Jr., Mr. John Leahy, Mr. Harold Haley, Mr. Walter Blossom, Mr. Abraham Pinciss, Mr. John Taylor, Mr. Charles Harvey

*Second Row:* Mr. Harold Warren, Mr. Edward Gibbs, 3d, Mr. Paul Bund, Miss Ivaloo Small, Miss Alice Sisco, Mrs. Anstrice Carter Kellogg, Miss Mabel Willey, Miss Helen Towle, Miss Effie Stanhope, Miss Blanche Milbery, Mr. Harry Potts, Mr. John Burns, Mr. Albion Rice

*First Row:* Miss Ruth Motherwell, Miss Rita Lavin, Mr. Welcome McCullough, Miss Bernice Hayward, Mr. Elmer Watson, Mr. John A. W. Pearce, Mr. Leon C. Young, Mr. Ashton Davis, Miss Hazel Marison, Miss Mary McLernon, Mr. John Gifford

<i>Teacher</i>	<i>Subject</i>	<i>College</i>
John A. W. Pearce	Principal	<i>Brown University</i>
Leon C. Young	Sub-Master	<i>Boston University</i>

## Languages

*Ashton F. Davis	English	<i>Harvard University</i>
*Bernice L. Hayward	French	<i>Boston University</i>
Rita A. Lavin	Latin	<i>Regis College</i>
John Burns	English and Latin	<i>Boston College</i>
Helen F. Towle	French and Latin	<i>Emmanuel</i>
Effie M. Stanhope	English	<i>Bates College</i>
Ivaloo Small	English	<i>Jackson College</i>
Alice Sisco	English	<i>University of Maine</i>
Charles W. Harvey	English and Coach	<i>Holy Cross</i>

### Science and Mathematics

Earle E. Chadsey, Jr.	Chemistry	<i>Harvard University</i>
*Elmer Watson	Mathematics	<i>Bates College</i>
Albion R. Rice	Mathematics	<i>Bates College</i>
Harold H. Warren	General Science	<i>University of Maine</i>
*John R. Gifford	Physics	<i>Tufts College</i>
Harold Haley	Mathematics	<i>University of N. H.</i>
Harry L. Potts	Biology	<i>Bates College</i>

### Commercial Department

M. Edward Hayes	Commercial Law and Economics	<i>University of N. H.</i>
*Hazel C. Marison	Commercial Courses	<i>Bay Path Institute</i>
Mabel C. Willey	Bookkeeping	<i>Salem Normal</i>
M. Blanche Milbery	Typewriting	<i>Salem Normal</i>
Walter D. Blossom	Commercial Geography	<i>Northeastern</i>
Abraham Pinciss	Business Training	<i>Boston University</i>
John A. Taylor	Business Training	<i>Boston University</i>

### Miscellaneous

Paul Bund	Mechanical Drawing	<i>Lloyd Training</i>
Ruth W. Motherwell	Sociology and United States History	<i>Northwestern</i>
*Welcome W. McCullough	United States History	<i>Bates College</i>
John B. Leahy	Ancient History	<i>DePauw University</i>
John A. MacVicar	History	<i>University of N. H.</i>
Nicholas J. Morris	Civics	<i>Holy Cross</i>

\* Heads of Departments



# Tontoquonian Staff



*Second Row:* Hawkes, Spinney, Philbrick, Cunningham, Searles, Reiniger, Crockford, Pearce, Woodfall

*First Row:* Cook, Cashen, Mr. John Burns, *Advisor*; Wentworth, Miss Hazel Marison, *Advisor*; Lord, Kasabuski

**Business,** *Advisor*, Miss Hazel Marison; *Business Manager*, Walter Kasabuski; *Advertising Manager Business*, Blanche Woodfall; *Advertising Manager, School*, Owen Cook.

**Advertising,** *Seniors:* Barbara Pratt, Ruth Schiorring, Lillian Campbell; *Juniors:* Joan Allen, James Duffy, Betty Junkins, Donald MtMler, Parker Sanborn; *Sophomores:* Warren Benson, Delcie Clark, Lettie Glynn, Jean MacDougall, Frances Moorehouse, Chadwick Ramsdell, James Scott, Jeanne Wilcox; *Freshmen:* Eleanor Borland, Sarah Crosby, George Hamilton, Audrey Lawrence, Eunice Pihl, Leo Ready, Emma Tura.

**Collection,** *Seniors:* Barbara Pendlebury, Patsy Rossetti, Josephine Forti, Philip Bean; *Juniors:* Phyllis Atwater, Mildred Grimes, Betty Ingalls, Ruth Pearson, Evelyn Shirley; *Sophomores:* Ethelyn Baker, Constance Eaton, Dorothy Gibbs, Norma Kimball, William McCarthy, Philip Rand, Arthur Stuart, Bertha Warren; *Freshmen:* Thomas Atkins, Geraldine Foss, Corinne Hayes, Gordon Lennox, Thomas Nagle, Dexter Pratt, Carolyn Warren.

**Editorial,** *Advisor*, John Burns; *Editor-in-Chief*, Virginia Wentworth; *Literary Editor*, Marjorie Philbrick, Muriel Daggett, Eleanor Swanson, Richard Howland, Marguerite Rogers; *Sports Editor*, Harlan Searles, Walter Almqvist, Ralph Mitchell, Paul Waugh, Dexter Pratt; *Social Editors*, Andrea Pearce, Barbara Crockford, Daryll Johnson, Dorothy Atkinson, Janet Russell; *Photograph Editor*, Dorothy Cashen, Cecilia Reiniger, Warren Morse, Chester Francis, Lawrence Canfield; *Art Editor*, Jean Hawkes, Barbara Cunningham, Frederick Walkey, Theodore Wheeler, Vito Glinski; *Feature Editor*, Edith Spinney.





Fellow Students

# Senior Class Officers



WILLIAM DIAMOND, *President*



MARJORIE LORD, *Vice-President*

**"Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise."**



DOROTHY CASHEN, *Secretary*

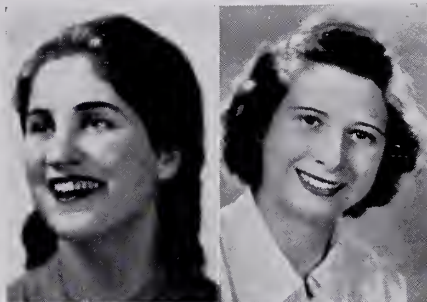


JANETTE WOODWARD, *Treasurer*

### MARIA ALKIDES

Social Arts *Married To*  
Glee Club 3, 4; Girls' Club Cap-  
inet 3. *John Battle*

Maria is our operatic songbird. Her fine vocal talent, her agreeable personality, and her generous store of vitality give a clear picture of her.



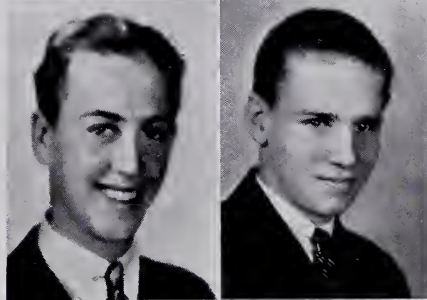
### ELEANOR BAKER

Commercial  
Glee Club 3, 4; Dramatic Club;  
Sahico Club; Girls' Club;  
Student Council 4

Eleanor, a girl of boundless vitality and obliging nature sang her way into our hearts as alto of the Baker-McLean Duo.

### WALTER ALMQUIST

Commercial  
Sahico Club; Annual; Boys' Club  
Tall, blond, good-natured  
"Unky" insists that a smile will  
command any situation, and  
if the smile in question is  
"Unky's," we all agree with him.



### PHILIP BEAN

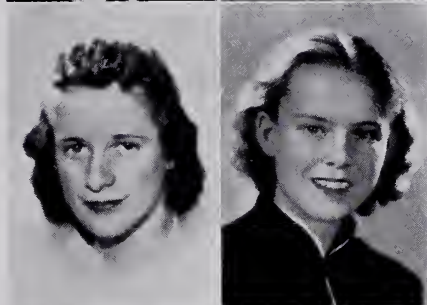
Commercial  
Student Council 3, 4; Traffic  
Squad 4; Annual; Sahico Club;  
Boys' Club

It will not be long before this affable and efficient young man will be giving dictation over some mahogany covered desk.

### MATHILDA ARSENAULT

Social Arts Lynn Hospital  
Girls' Club

"Mattie's" dancing slippers will spend more time on the shelf when she becomes, to purloin a phrase, a "woman in white."



### PHYLLIS BEAN

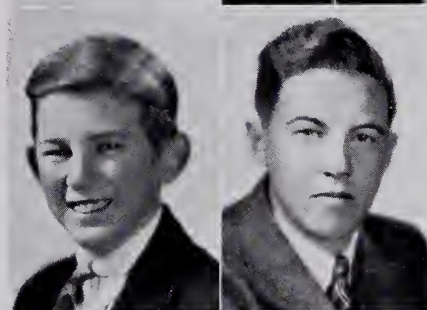
Commercial  
Sahico Club; Girls' Club

"Phyl," the feminine half of the Bean twins, has brightened many a classroom with her lively presence.

### LESLIE ATKINS

Social Arts  
Boys' Club

Shakespeare looked ahead to anticipate smiling Leslie when he mused, "How far that little candle throws his beams."



### KENNETH BEAVER

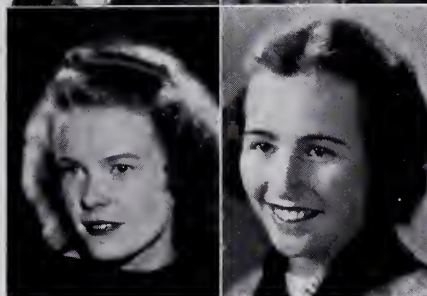
Social Arts  
Boys' Club

"Skill and assurance are an invincible couple," and so "Ken" may take his place among the unconquerables some day.

### FLORENCE ATWATER

Social Arts Lynn Hospital  
Girls' Club

"Flossie's" engaging smile and pleasant personality reflect her cheerful nature. She will follow in the footsteps of another Florence—Nightingale.



### BARBARA BELYEA

Social Arts  
Girls' Club

"Barb's" flashing smile and sparkling eyes will next year make a hit with her new classmates when she becomes a student nurse.



### RICHARD BERRY

Social Arts  
Boys' Club

"Dick" is a likeable chap, the very embodiment of good cheer and friendliness.



### MIRIAM BLATCHFORD

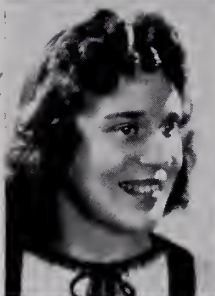
Social Arts  
Girls' Club

Miriam's diligence and industry will one day make her a tycoon in the work-a-day world.

### RUTH BERRY

Commercial *Married To Charles Young 1948*  
Malden Commercial  
Sahico Club; Girls' Club

Since "Great works are performed not by strength but by perseverance," Ruth has the means to rival the best.



### IDA BOURKE

Social Arts  
Girls' Club

Ida, a recent addition to the student body, came to us from Malden High School. Her ambition is to become a telephone operator. We're all "plugging" for you, Ida!

### DOROTHY BETHEL

Commercial Telephone  
Sahico Club; Girls' Club

Dorothy answered "Opportunity's" early "knock" by getting an office position two months before graduation.



### VIRGINIA BRADLEY

Social Arts *Married To Roy 1949*  
Girls' Club

This year "Ginnie's" excellent drawings come under the heading of "hobby"—next year when she commercializes her talents, they'll be classified as "profession."

### RUTH BIGELOW

Social Arts  
Girls' Club

Ruth's quiet disposition is an asset to the class. She is a sports enthusiast who is particularly interested in tennis and skiing.



### VIRGINIA BROWN

Social Arts *Married To George Littlefield 1948*  
Girls' Club

"Gin's" business-like attitude has been characteristic of her throughout her school career.

### JAMES BLAIR

Social Arts  
Ski Club; Boys' Club;

"Jim", with all the quiet reserve of a Ronald Colman, has eyes only for mechanical work, preferably in the Navy Yard.



### RAYMOND BUCKLESS

Social Arts  
Traffic Squad 4; Ski Club; Boys' Club

"Ray," animate and brisk member of the fighting Bucklesses, has of late shown a treasonable interest in aviation.

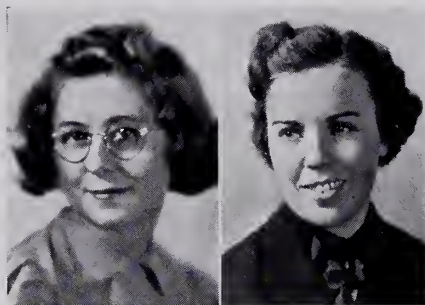


## MIRIAM BUNKER

Commercial

Modern School of Applied Art  
*Glee Club 3, 4; Sahico Club; Girls' Club*

As a member of the Commercial department, Miriam's contagious energy "gave a lift" to those who worked with her.



## LILLIAN CAMPBELL

Commercial

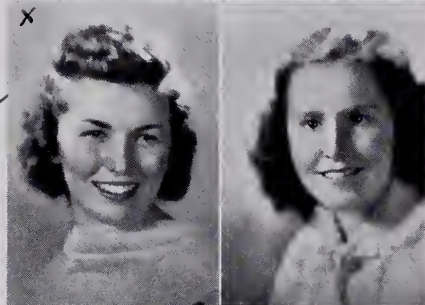
*Sahico Club; Annual; Girls' Club*  
"Lil," an industrious worker, has an engaging smile and an agreeable manner that will be a pleasing addition to anyone's office.

## THELMA BURBANK

Social Arts

*Married to Kenneth 1940*  
*Treasurer 2; Student Council; Girls' Club*

Thelma has ceased to be a student, but she will always continue to be an expert teacher in the art of gaining popularity.



## MILDRED CARTER

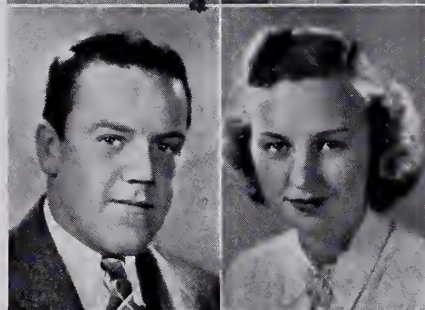
Commercial

*Sahico Club; Girls' Club*  
Blushes may be the bane of "Milly's" life, but we'll always remember them as pleasant manifestations of her shy good nature.

## ROBERT BURNS

Social Arts St. John's Prep.  
*Basketball 1, 2, 3; Baseball 3; Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Traffic Squad; Boys' Club*

"Bob," the backbone of our football team, is one fellow who doesn't need to blow his own horn. The student body will do it for him.



## DOROTHY CASHEN

College

Simmons

*Junior Riverside Club; Glee Club 3, 4; Focus; Annual; Senior Play; Girls' Club Cabinet 2; Secretary 1, 3, 4*

"Dot's" dependability and her sense of humor are the envy of the school.

## FRANCIS BURSIEL

Social Arts

*Boys' Club*

"Fran" has an edge on that great naturalist, Fogg, for the latter merely stuffs animals while "Fran" keeps them alive in his backyard menagerie.



## CHARLES CHAPMAN

Social Arts

*Ski Club; Boys' Club*

"Charlie" does more skiing than talking. As a matter of fact, he would prefer not to talk except about skiing.

## EDWARD CAFFARELLA

Social Arts

*Football 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Boys' Club*

"Ed," an apostle of the "sound body" school, takes part seasonally in football, basketball, hockey, and baseball.



## ELTON CHASE

Social Arts

Springfield University  
*Basketball 1, 3; Traffic Squad 3; Boys' Club*

Elton is one of our small packages of dynamite. His faculty for getting along well with his associates should be a great advantage to him.

### JOHN CLANTON

Social Arts  
Boys' Club

Like a boy at a Thanksgiving table, "Johnnie" has a taste for many things—bass drummer, printer, and collector of rare editions of books.



### OWEN COOKE

Social Arts  
*Traffic Squad 4; Annual; Student Council 3; Boys' Club*

Owen temporarily set aside his customary silence, a la Shannon, to become a dynamic press agent for the Annual.

### RAYMOND CLARK

Social Arts Hebron  
*Football 3, 4; Basketball 3; Traffic Squad 4; Ski Club; Boys' Club*

"Ray," a fine athlete despite lack of size, was named the most bashful senior in a landslide vote.



### MARJORIE COY

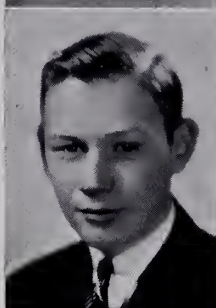
Social Arts *Married To Russell Ward. 1941*  
*Girls' Club*

"Margie" is an indefatigable miss whose dauntless pluck will help her attain any goal for which she may strive.

### ROBERT CLARK

Social Arts  
*Traffic Squad 4; Boys' Club*

"Bob," who shrugs off all inquiries as to his future plans, is a worthy Sea Scout and a truly "good scout."



### WALTER COY

Social Arts  
*Boys' Club*

Though exceptionally quiet, this model of politeness can be lured to heights of oratory on the subject of the Naval Reserves.

### EDWARD COFFILL

Social Arts  
*Football 3, 4; Boys' Club*

Smiling "Red" has contributed more than a little to the success of one of our greatest football teams by his dependability and loyalty.



### BARBARA CROCKFORD

Commercial *Married 1942*  
*Sahico Club; Student Council; Annual; Girls' Club*

"Barb" may well be proud of the quiet competence with which she accomplishes her tasks.

### NORMAN COOK

Social Arts  
*Traffic Squad 4; Boys' Club*

"Cookie's" chief claim to fame is his bubbling good nature. Such "high spirits" will be an aid to him in the field of aviation.



### BARBARA CUNNINGHAM

Social Arts  
*Annual; Girls' Club*

Curly-haired "Barb" has evoked many a chuckle from her classmates with her witty sallies.



## MURIEL DAGGETT

Social Arts  
*Annual; Public Speaking Club; Girls' Club*

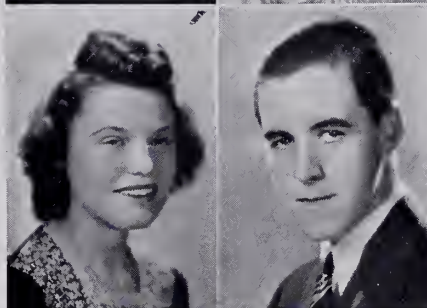
Through four years of school work, with their passing interests, Muriel has clung zealously to her plans to be a novelist.



## SADIE DARDGINSKI

Commercial  
*Sahico Club; Girls' Club*

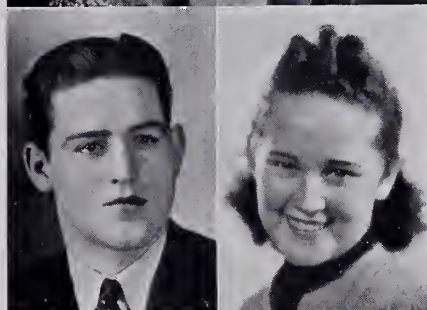
"Sadie's" impishness is as invigorating as a brisk sea breeze.



## PRESTON DAVISON

Social Arts  
*Boys' Club*

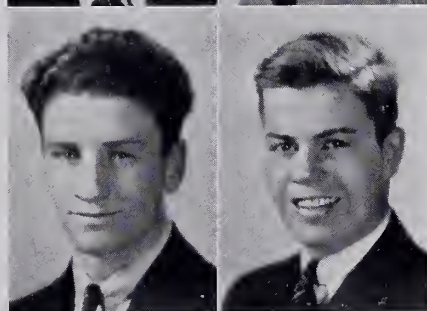
The calm course of many a class meeting was interrupted by the refreshing suggestions of Preston, a master of the art of filibustering.



## RAYMOND DeFRANZO

Social Arts  
*Basketball 3; Boys' Club*

"Ray" is universally known for his sense of humor and his love of life. He insists that he, not Rossetti, is the peer of school bowlers.



## IRENE DELANEY

Commercial  
*Sahico Club; Girls' Club*

Irene is a dark-eyed lass with untiring energy. Her ambition is to become a well-trained court stenographer, and from her scholastic record, we'd say she is well on her way.



## DOROTHY DEMASO

Commercial  
*Bryant and Stratton Sahico Club; Girls' Club*

"Dot's" graciousness and courtesy have won her innumerable friends. As an ambitious worker, she has been indispensable to the Class of '39.

## WILLIAM DIAMOND

Social Arts  
*Glee Club 4; Class President 4; Boys' Club*

It is said that on a dark night "Bill's" campaign speeches can still be heard echoing through the Assembly Hall.

## HELEN DOHERTY

Commercial  
*Married To Spencer 1941*  
*Sahico Clubs, Treasurer 3; Cheerleader 2; Girls' Club*

Helen is seldom still—always dashing about on official errands. Her conversations sprinkled with solemnly delivered witticisms, have a flavor all their own.

## ROBERT DOLE

Social Arts  
*Married To Spencer 1940*  
*Band 4; Traffic Squad 4; Boys' Club*

His friends assert that "Bob's" saxophone will furnish him with the "keys" to future triumphs.

## IDA DOUCETTE

Commercial  
*Sahico Club; Girls' Club*

Ida is the tiniest girl in our class, but apparently size is not an accurate measuring-stick, for she's one of the most energetic persons we know.



### ESTHER DOWNES

Social Arts  
Girls' Club

*Marrried to Mitchell 1941*

Esther, a lively miss, is in her element on a ballroom floor. Although she originally intended to go in training, she has altered her plans and will attend a comptometer school.

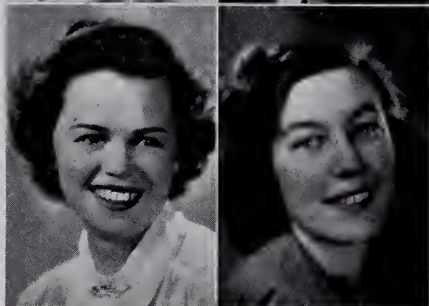


### DOROTHY DROWN

College

*Cheerleader 3, 4; Student Council 2, 3; Girls' Club*

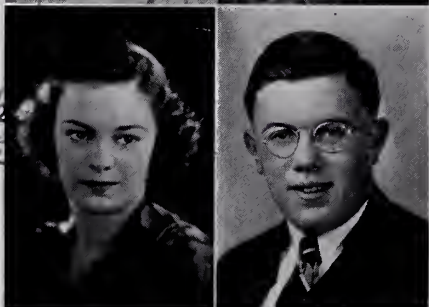
"Dot's" expanding grin and ringing voice have won her enduring fame at Saugus High School.



### CAROLYN DURGIN

Social Arts Wilfred Academy  
Girls' Club

*Marrried Robert Durkin 1942*  
This agile young lady has entrenched herself firmly in the memory of all her classmates by her cheerful demeanor.

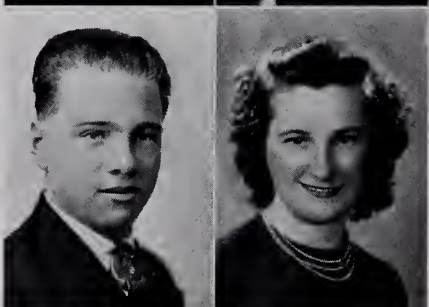


### JOHN ENTWISTLE

Scientific

*Ski Club; Boys' Club*

"Johnnie" is a true scientist, a conscientious student, and a humorous companion. His aim is to be an aeronautical engineer.

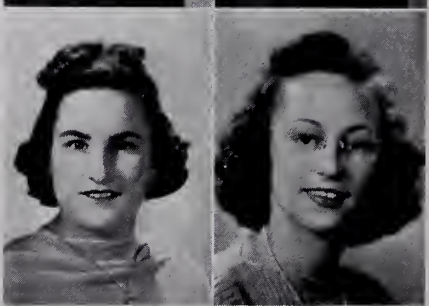


### MARIA FARAGI

College

*Girls' Club*

Maria's steadfastness of purpose will crown her future efforts with success. "Few things are impossible to diligence and skill."

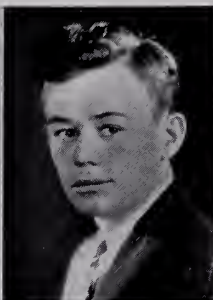


### OWEN FARLEY

Social Arts

*Boys' Club*

Curly-haired Owen has many irons in the fire but the loftiest is his occasional occupation of roof-repairing.



### RUTH FISKE

Social Arts

*Glee Club 3, 4; Girls' Club Cabinet 4*

Ruth, star of the 39 operetta, lends credibility to the old saw of (song) "birds flocking together" by her companionship with Maria Alkides.

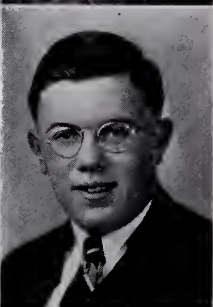


### ROBERT FLADGER

Scientific

*Ski Club; Boys' Club*

"A merrier man within the limit of becoming mirth  
We never spent an hour's talk withal"



### CATHERINE FOLAN

Social Arts

*Girls' Club*

Catherine is described perfectly as the acme of cheerfulness. She has lent dignity and grace to the Class of '39.



### JOSEPHINE FORTI

Commercial

*Sahico Club; Annual; Girls' Club*

"Jo," dark and pretty office-worker, has brought a welcome interruption to many classrooms in her official wanderings.

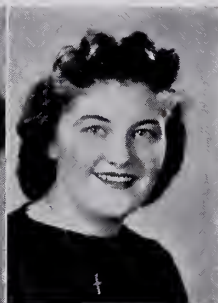
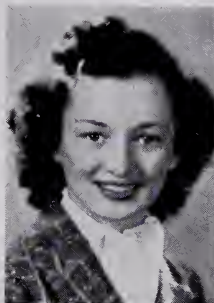




### ELEANOR FOSTER

Social Arts  
Girls' Club Cabinet 3; Senior Play

Eleanor is the "cynosure of neighboring eyes." The reason? Her smart appearance, of course.



### MARTHA GALLAGHER

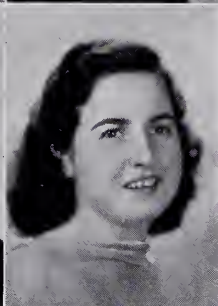
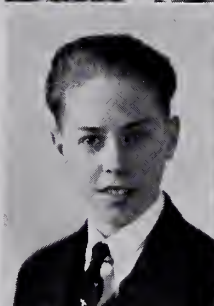
Social Arts  
Sahico Club; Girls' Club

Her pleasant disposition, her winning smile and her gay manner made Martha a top-notch among her classmates.

### STEPHEN FRANCOIS

College  
Boys' Club

Many years from now, the sight of "Steve's" unruly shock of hair will be fresh in our memories.



### MARY GERNIGLIA

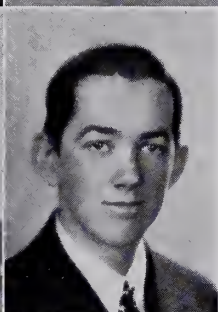
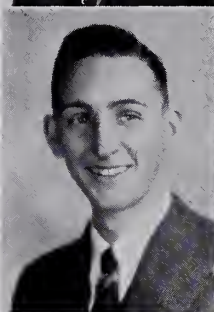
College  
Junior Riverside Club; Girls' Club

"Silence is as great an art as words," and Mary has developed the art to a science.

### JOHN FREDERICK

*Married to*  
Squad 1; Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 4; Ski Club 4; Traffic Squad 4; Boys' Club

Everybody's big brother, "Johnnie" lent his radio and electrical experience to every project in the school.



### JOSEPH GILLIS

Commercial  
Vice-President 3; Student Council 3; Traffic Squad 3; Sahico Club; Boys' Club

"Joe," one of the few valiant male members of the strongly feminine Sahico, is in his spare time, a storekeeper.

### MILDRED FREDERICK

Commercial  
Sahico Club; Girls' Club

Although never seen turning back-flips in the corridors, reports are many that dark and attractive "Millie" is a skilled acrobatic dancer.



### GERALDINE GLENNON

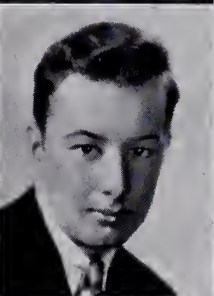
College  
Melrose Hospital  
Glee Club 4; Dramatic Club;  
Girls' Club  
*Gerry's*  
*1940*

"Gerry's" sympathetic and cheerful presence should serve to swell the ranks of patients at Melrose Hospital.

### HAROLD GAGE

Social Arts  
Boys' Club

Harold doesn't conform to our idea of the solemn, meditative fisherman, for this Isaac Walton has a yen for constant companionship.



### LILLIAN GODETT

Commercial  
Sahico Club; Girls' Club

"Lil," who will join the march to the business world after graduation, has such easily discernable talents that she should soon lead the parade.

### EDITH GOODWIN

Commercial

*Sahico Club; Girls' Club*

Her quiet and friendly nature won Edith nothing but the highest favor from all who knew her.



### MURRAY HALE

Scientific

*Ski Club; Boys' Club*

Murray, with his good-natured grin, is another of our tube and dial tinkers who match exploits more avidly than a clubhouse of golfing Munchausens.

### AUDREY GORDON

Social Arts

*Focus 1; Student Council 2; Girls' Club*

Audrey, a quiet girl with an array of friends, loves the sight of a waxed floor and the sound of a danceable orchestra.



### WINIFRED HAMLIN

Social Arts *Married to Olly Mallett 1948*  
*Girls' Club*  
 "Winnie" is a dark, pert person whose innate good nature frequently bubbles to the surface.

### MARY GOSSE

Social Arts

*Girls' Club*

Mary has the pink cheeks of an outdoor girl. Much of her charm lies in the fact that she would rather be a listener than a speaker.



### CHARLOTTE HANSON

Commercial *Married to Bertie Mowton 1939*  
*Sahico Club; Girls' Club*  
 Charlotte, an attractive commercial student, possesses that combination of aggressiveness and charm so rarely found.

### LORETTA GOULD

Social Arts *Married to Bob Manning 1940*  
*Girls' Club*  
 "Lottie" smiles only rarely and talks even less, but many have found in her the finer qualities of friendship.



### EARL HANSON

Social Arts

*Focus 4; Traffic Squad 4; Football 2, 3, 4; Boys' Club*

Soft-spoken Earl's supply of indomitable courage made him an ideal leader of our football team.

### ROBERT GOWEN

*Ski Club; Boys' Club*

Lanky, good-natured "Bob" was a member of the Lumsden, Gowen, and Frederick firm which did such noble service at all affairs requiring the use of the amplifying system.



### IRENE HARDING

Social Arts

*Cheerleader 3; Student Council 2; Girls' Club*

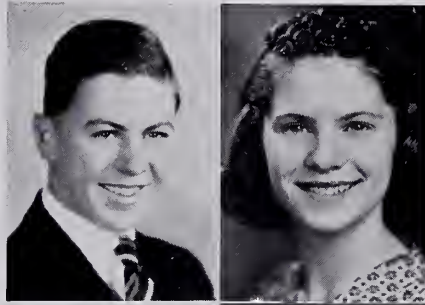
Irene is a pleasant and well-groomed girl, who, surprisingly enough, considering her softly-modulated voice, was one of our cheerleaders last fall.



### STANLEY HARMON

Social Arts  
*Ski Club; Boys' Club*

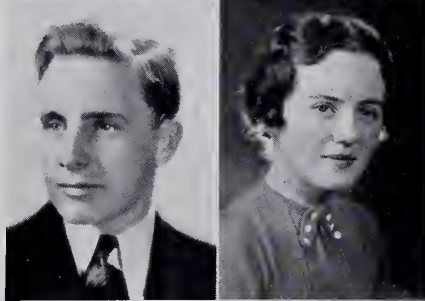
Capable of handling almost any situation that may arise, "Stan" presents an unruffled appearance at all times.



### CHARLES HARNDON

Social Arts  
*Boys' Club*

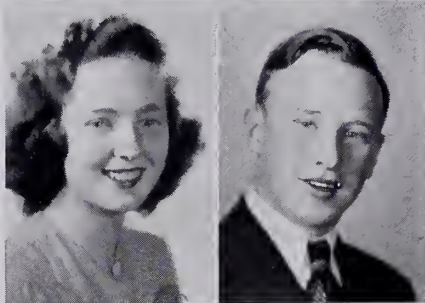
"Charlie's" enviable reputation for gallantry fell under a cloud with his proffer for *Annual* use, of fourth grade pictures, complete with pigtails of several now beautiful Seniors.



### JEAN HAWKES

Social Arts  
*Girls' Club Cabinet 3; Student Council 2; Annual*

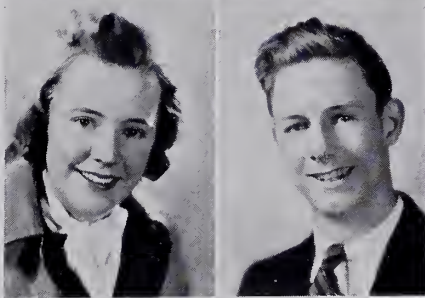
Jean is one of the few girls endowed with a talent for expert drawing. Her road to success should be an easy one if "cheerfulness and good will make labor light."



### HELEN HAYES

Social Arts  
*Senior Play; Girls' Club*

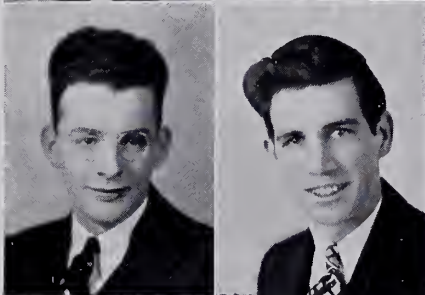
The beauty and poise Helen displayed in "Little Jimmie Jones" will make a reality of her visions of a modeling career.



### MILTON HAZEL

Social Arts  
*Traffic Squad 3; Boys' Club*

A mark of Milton's rugged individualism is his startling—"If I could turn back the clock I'd like to see a Roman chariot race with all the trimmings!"



### HELEN HINES

Social Arts  
*Girls' Club*

Helen's a tiny girl but there is nothing timid about her hobbies which include the very active indulgences of boating and following three alarm fires.

### THELMA HODGE

Social Arts  
*Girls' Club*

Thelma is a very earnest student but she doesn't turn her back on sports. When summer rolls around her pet pastimes are swimming and playing tennis.

### GEORGE HOFFMAN

Social Arts  
*Band; Ski Club; Boys' Club*

To be another "Gene Krupa" is the secret yearning of "Red," who has been the backbone of the percussions of our band.

### CARL HOOPER

Social Arts  
*Boys' Club*

A clever accordionist, Carl has lent his talent generously. His buoyancy and cheerfulness have added much to the Senior Class.

### FRED HOOPER

Social Arts  
*Boys' Club*

Debonair Fred's likeable personality has made him a gay and care-free companion, especially for those who would debate that perplexing question, "What is Swing Music?"

### KENNETH HOOPER

Social Arts

*Traffic Squad 4; Football 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2; Basketball 1, 2, 3; Boys' Club*

Versatile athlete and perfect gentleman, "Ken" is the third of the Burns, Clark, Hooper combination.



### MURIEL JOHNSTON

Commercial

*Focus 3, 4; Executive Board; Junior Riverside Club; Sahico Club; Student Council 4; Girls' Club*

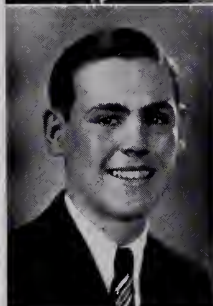
Muriel, a cultured and able scholar, is unquestionably the ranking girl athlete in our class.

### THOMAS HORNE

Social Arts

*Glee Club; Boys' Club*

Although he is not shy, "Tom" is one of the quietest fellows in our class. His industry will be invaluable to him in the years to come.



### WALTER KASABUSKI

Commercial

*Ski Club; Focus 4; Annual; Stage Manager Senior Play; Sahico Club Boys' Club;*

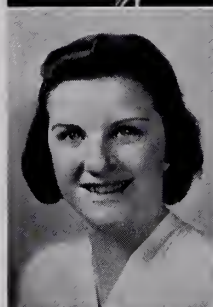
Walter outdid Alexander in search of new conquests to emerge this year as President of the Sno-Scorchers.

### SYMONNE HUMPHRIES

College

*Girls' Club*

Symonne is one of our ambitious hard-working girls. She is very proud of her collection of dogs, which, we hasten to explain, are of the non-barking variety.



### HAROLD KNOWLTON

Social Arts *Married to Ray Wolfe 1942*  
*Physicist 1942*  
*Ballerina*

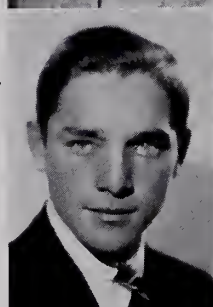
Technical work is not only "Hal's" hobby, but also his intended career. With his sincere determination, he can hardly fail to succeed at the Boston Navy Yard.

### SHURLEY HURLBERT

Social Arts

*Married to Ray Wolfe 1942*  
*Football 4; Basketball 3; Senior Play; Boys' Club Cabinet; Executive Board*

Rated as best dancer and most handsome in the class, only an early fall injury kept "Bunny" from being a football mainstay.



### ALTA KUSCH

Commercial

*Sahico Club; Girls' Club*

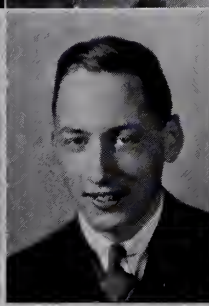
Alta's greeting usually consists of a smile rather than words. Well—"Silence is deep as Eternity; Speech is shallow as Time," you know.

### DAISY JOHNSON

Social Arts

*Girls' Club*

Daisy is another shy girl but she looks anything but timid as she indulges in her hobby of pedaling her bicycle through the town at an alarming rate of speed.



### EDWARD LAATS

Commercial

*Sahico Club; Orchestra 1, 2, 3 Boys' Club*

A conscientious and capable student, "Eddie" is currently a pigeon fancier. His excellent scholastic standing points to a brilliant career in accounting.



### GLENDALL LARKIN

Social Arts

*Traffic Squad 4; Boys' Club*

"Glen's" light-hearted mischievousness will be missed by his classmates. Next year will find him all at sea—yes, he's going to join the navy.



### MARJORIE LORD

Commercial

*Sahico Club; Junior Riverside Club; Annual; Focus 4; Glee Club 3, 4; Senior Play; Vice-President 4; Student Council 1, 2; Girls' Club*

Peppy, popular and persevering, "Marge" can't miss.

### CHARLOTTE LaVISKA

Social Arts

*Girls' Club*

Charlotte is a tall, dark, and dimpled lass whose alleged shyness was noticeably absent in her veteran performance in a recent style show.



### JOHN LUMSDEN

Social Arts

*Traffic Squad 3, 4; Glee Club 3, 4; Ski Club; Public Speaking Club; Boys' Club*

John, the soul of cheerfulness, aspires to do technical work in the motion picture industry.

### LORRAINE LeBLANC

Commercial

*Sahico Club; Girls' Club*

Lorraine's key to popularity is the maxim "The only way to have a friend is to be one."



### KENNETH LUMSDEN

Social Arts

*Ski Club; Traffic Squad 3, 4; Boys' Club;*

"Ken," a rather reserved fellow, may be one of our future admirals, for he plans to enter Massachusetts Nautical School in the fall.

### HELEN LEONARD

Social Arts

*Girls' Club*

Helen, a slim and very blonde classmate, is a welcome member of any gathering, for she enlivens conversations with her ready wit.



### ELIZABETH LYONS

Social Arts

*Girls' Club*

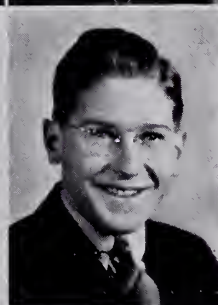
"Betty" is so quiet that if it were not for her continuous good nature and occasional hearty laughter, we'd sometimes hardly know she was here.

### ARLENE LOCKWOOD

Commercial

*Sahico Club; Girls' Club*

One of our potential businesswomen, Arlene has already established a reputation as a dependable and efficient worker.



### HAROLD MacINNES

Social Arts

*Glee Club 3, 4; Senior Play; Traffic Squad 3, 4; Boys' Club*

"Mac," otherwise known as Mr. Hood's right-hand man, added to the success of the Senior Play with his excellent characterization of "Stuffy."

### ADA MacNAUGHT

Social Arts  
Girls' Club

Ada, although never a distinct man-hater, was at one time rather indifferent to the charms of the stronger sex but time has changed that to some degree.

### LORNA MacORQUODALE

Social Arts  
Girls' Club

Combine a bit of spirit, a flavoring of wit, and a fondness for flowers, and you have a composite picture of Lorna.

### EILEEN MADDEN

Commercial  
Sahico Club; Girls' Club

The business world should be waiting with open arms for this model of efficiency.

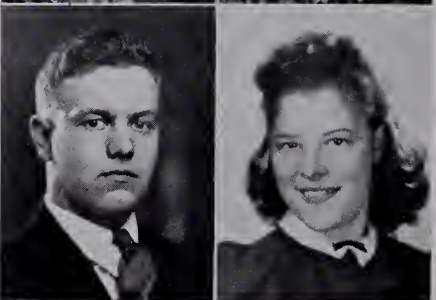
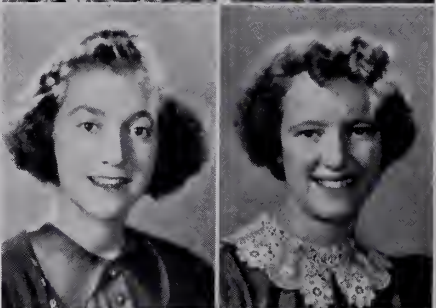
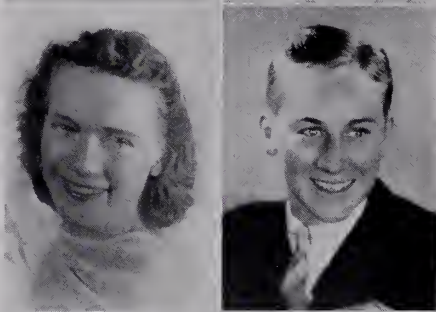
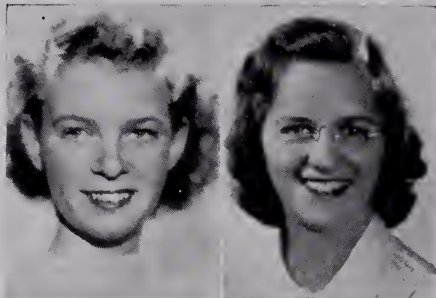
### EVELYN MANDEVILLE

Commercial  
Sahico; Junior Riverside Club;  
Girls' Club

"Evie" is probably the most industrious, and certainly the quietest member of the Sahico Club.

### ROLAND MANSFIELD

Social Arts  
Traffic Squad 3, 4; Boys' Club  
"Rollie's" efficiency as Captain of the Traffic Squad marks him as a typical "chip off the old block."



### JEAN MARSH

College  
Executive Board; Girls' Club

"So of cheerfulness, the more it is spent, the more of it remains."

### FRANK McCARTHY

Social Arts  
Treasurer 1; Football 3; President 3; Senior Play; Boys' Club  
Frank's friendly smile won for him the title of "most popular Senior" which his amicable nature well merited.

### HENRY McKEEVER

Social Arts  
Boys' Club  
"Hank's" application for the Hall of Fame rests in the fact that he once pitched two successive no-hit, no-run games for a sandlot team.

### MARJORIE McLEAN

Social Arts  
Dramatic Club; Glee Club 3, 4; Girls' Club  
If we are to believe that "music is the universal language" with a voice such as hers, "Margie" would be an invaluable companion on a world's tour.

### VIRGINIA MEANS

Social Arts  
Band 3, 4; Girls' Club Cabinet 4  
"Gin" is the personable girl with the bewitching smile who as drum-major so often stole the spotlight from our football team.



### **WILLIAM MELANSON**

Social Arts

*Ski Club; Boys' Club*

Very quiet in a group, it is surprising how eloquent "Will" can wax in his own circle of friends.

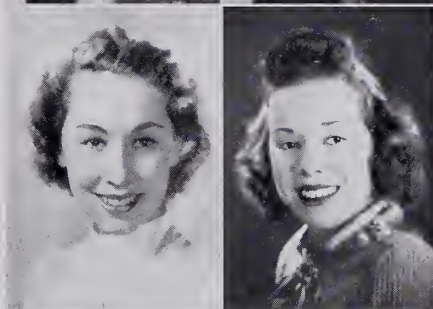


### **JOSEPH NEVILLE**

Social Arts

*Boys' Club*

That proverbial "coat of moss" will never affix itself to "Joe", who consistently rolls along in high gear.

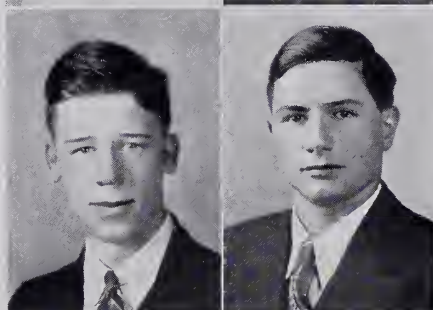


### **BLANCHE MELEWSKI**

Commercial

*Sahico Club; Junior Riverside Club; Girls' Club*

Blanche's vibrant personality has won her friends among students and teachers. Her diligence will be priceless to her in her business career.



### **HELEN NICHOLS**

College

*Girls' Club*

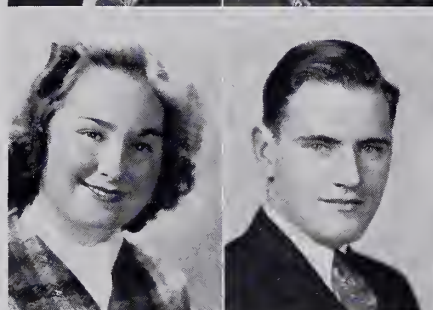
Carney Hospital, Boston  
The frequency with which "Nicky's" grin appears is ample proof that she believes in unselfishly sharing her boundless good-nature with everyone.

### **ROGER MERRITHEW**

Social Arts

*Football 3, 4; Boys' Club*

Roger will long be remembered by his football mates for his charming and original answers to Coach Harvey's inquiries.



### **DEMETRIE NICOLO**

Social Arts

*Boys' Club*

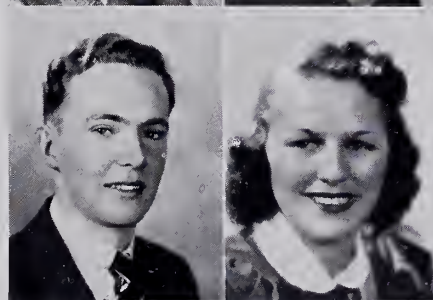
Demetrie's basso profundo war-rants no call from the Metro-politan, but it has a warmth, like his smile, to bring him many friends.

### **VERA MOBERG**

Social Arts

*Girls' Club*

Vera's bright smile is a pleasure to behold. With people like Vera in it, no wonder North Saugus is such a popular place.



### **ALFRED O'CONNOR**

Social Arts

*Boys' Club*

"Buddy" and his Cadillac are as inseparable as the Lone Ranger and Silver. If we are to believe reports, he renders a pretty fair ballad.

### **DONALD MOSES**

Social Arts

*Traffic Squad; Vice-President 1, 2; Boys' Club*

"Don's" pleasant and genial disposition, which has proved a lodestone for him, will always keep him surrounded with friends.



### **JENNIE OLJEY**

Social Arts

*Girls' Club*

Jennie's radiant smile is indicative of her amicability. Her sunny disposition will be difficult to replace.

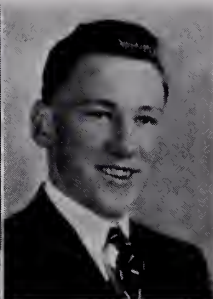


### GLADYS ORDWAY

Social Arts  
Girls' Club

*Married to  
David Dominile  
1942*

Only the careful observer might detect "Glad's" excitable vivacity which is poorly disguised by her apparent calmness.



### FRANK PENNY

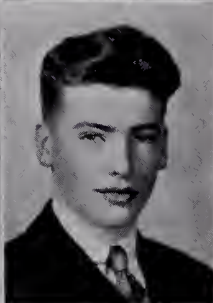
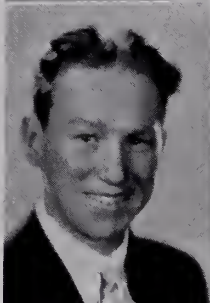
Social Arts  
Boys' Club

Frank's love of fun culminated in an early April crew haircut. Unrest circulated through the *Annual* staff until it was learned his picture had been taken prior to this event.

### ALTON PAGE

Social Arts  
Boys' Club

If red-headed Alton occasionally seems rather absent-minded, it's only because he is wrestling with some problem connected with his thriving poultry business.



### GEORGE PERKINS

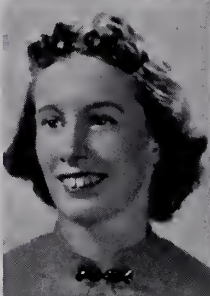
Social Arts    Springfield Univ.  
Boys' Club

George, whose next stop is Springfield, plans to study at that haven of horizontal bars and wrestling mats preliminary to becoming a supervisor of physical education.

### ANDREA PEARCE

College  
*Dramatic Club; Glee Club 3, 4;  
Focus 4; Annual; Ski Club; Girls' Club*

"Andy's" ability to undertake almost any task with very favorable results has kept her much in demand.



### TONY PETRILLO

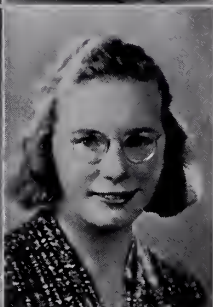
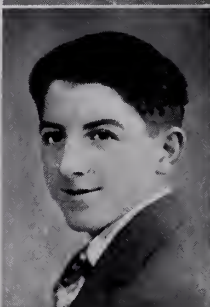
Social Arts  
*Band 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 4;  
Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Boys' Club*

"Tony's" proudest boast is that his trombone never froze up on those frigid football days, while his greatest ambition is—"I want to lead a band."

### MARIO PEDI

Social Arts  
*Baseball 4; Boys' Club*

Mario, the diminutive member of the Pedi-Nicolo combination, admires all of Dale Carnegie's aims and most of his methods.



### MARJORIE PHILBRICK

College  
*Focus 3, 4; Annual; Student Council 2; Junior Riverside Club; Girls' Club*

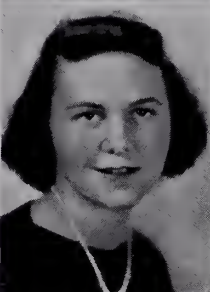
"Mig's" willingness and capability, both scholastically and socially, were early detected, utilized, and thoroughly appreciated.

### BARBARA PENDLEBURY

Commercial

Bryant and Stratton  
*Sahico Club; Junior Riverside Club; Glee Club 3; Annual; Girls' Club*

"Barb's" versatility has enabled her to meet every situation graciously and capably.



### LESTER PINKHAM

Social Arts  
Boys' Club

His winning politeness, his nervous energy, and his arched eyebrow stamp "Les" as unique.

### DONALD PITMAN

Social Arts  
Boys' Club

*Married 1942*

"Don's" outlook on the future is "If Howard Johnson could do it, I can."



### MAY PRICE

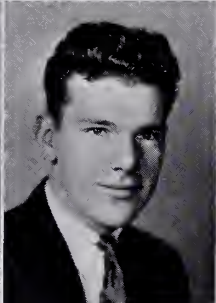
Social Arts  
Girls' Club

If, as they say, "Silence is golden" May has the means to outbid a Midas.

### ELSIE PLATT

Commercial  
Sahico Club; Girls' Club

"Delce" is our idea of the model business woman. She is a combination of competence and will-  
ingness, as her many friends will testify.



### THOMAS READY

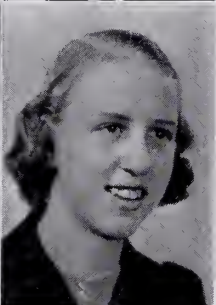
Social Arts  
Football 1, 2, 3; Boys' Club

"He that is silent gathers stones," but, inquires loquacious "Tommy", "Who wants stones anyhow?"

### BRUCE POLLOCK

Social Arts  
Boys' Club

Although a newcomer to our class, Bruce has readily made many friends. His shy manner would give no hint of his prowess in the "manly art."



### CECILIA REINIGER

College  
Junior Riverside Club; Annual;  
Girls' Club

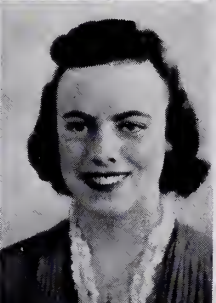
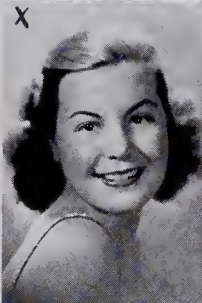
Cecilia's quiet and unassuming manner go hand in hand with her scholastic record to make her a product of whom the school may be proud.

### DORIS POOLE

Social Arts  
Girls' Club

*Married to Walter Hibbs 1943*

"Dot" has made use of her four years at high school to establish a reputation for all-around aptitude.



### ETHEL RICHARDSON

Social Arts  
Girls' Club

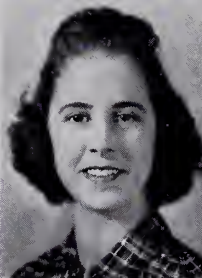
We all agree that Ethel is truly a good sport. She once revealed an ambition of becoming an air hostess, but in the same breath, said that woman's prerogative was still hers.

### BARBARA PRATT

College  
Ski Club; Dramatic Club; Girls' Club

*Married 1942*

"Barb's" refreshing independence of spirit has noticeably reduced the yawning tendency among her classmates.



### DONALD RILEY

Social Arts  
Boys' Club

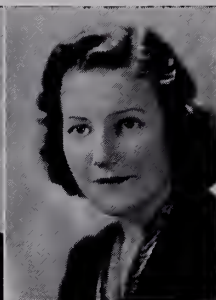
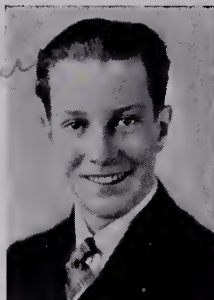
Those who know lanky and good-natured "Don" best, assure us that he is not really drowsy—just thoughtful.



## HAROLD RING

Social Arts *aid*  
Orchestra 1; Band 2, 3, 4;  
Ski Club; Boys' Club *1941*

"Ringer" is not a big fellow, but no one will argue his versatility. Though not fickle he goes from hot to cold with his trumpet playing and his skiing trips.



## DOROTHY SEABOYER

Social Arts  
Girls' Club

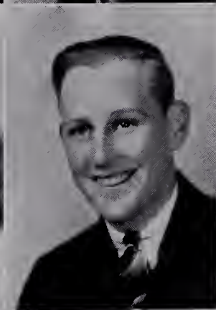
"Dot's" philosophy of life is simple but effective. She refuses to stop smiling and believes in letting her cares take care of themselves.

## SARAH ROBERTS

Social Arts

Bishop Lee Dramatic Senior Play, Dramatic Club; Public Speaking Club; Cheerleader 4; Glee Club 3

It will be only a matter of time before "Sally," thespian of the seniors, is sending us her cheery smile from the other side of the footlights.



## HARLAN SEARLES

Social Arts *married to*  
Baseball 2, 3, 4; Annugl; Boys' Club *Janice Smith 1942*

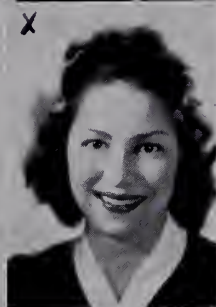
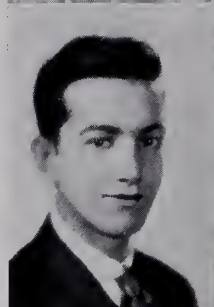
Harlan, though fond of sketching, longs to be a second Bill Dickey. The Texas League will be his "prep school."

## PATSY ROSSETTI

Social Arts

Annual; Boys' Club

Patsy, rival of DeFranzo for bowling honors, plans to enter the Navy. At present his chief concern is whether or not the ships are equipped with bowling alleys.



## BETTY SHAH

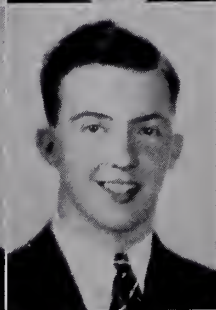
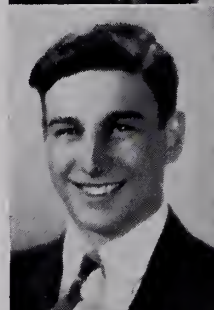
Social Arts  
Girls' Club

Although she is quiet and soft-spoken in school, members of the stronger sex tell us that Betty is the belle of the ball (room).

## CHESTER RUSSO

Traffic Squad 4; Boys' Club

"Men, even when alone, lighten their labors by a song." With such a voice, "Chick" need not seek solitude before giving way to the Crosby in him.



## ROBERT SHANNON

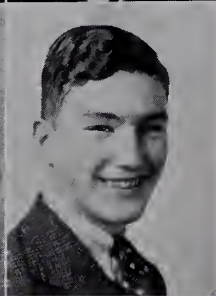
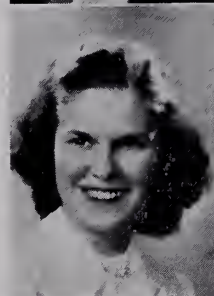
Social Arts  
Boys' Club

Never known as one to waste words, "Bob" stepped out of character to rival Grover Whalen in his sales promotion of Senior Play tickets.

## RUTH SCHIORRING

College Melrose Hospital  
Junior Riverside Club; Senior Play; Dramatic Club; Focus; Annual; Student Council 3, 4; Girls' Club

"Coming events cast their shadows before," and thus "Ruthie's" giggle is a forewarner of her approach.



## ARTHUR SHELDON

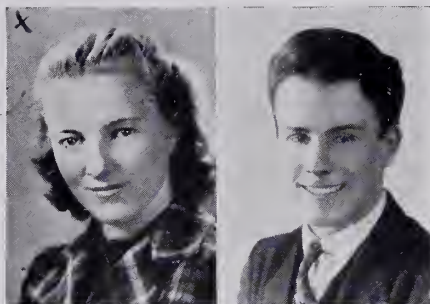
Social Arts  
Student Council 2; Boys' Club  
"Bunny" has "high" aims for the future. This curly-haired senior, now interested in photography, plans to be an aviator.

### MARION SMITH

Social Arts

*Dramatic Club; Cheerleader 4;  
Glee Club 4; Girls Club*

"Smitty's" spontaneity and wit have left a pleasant and lasting impression.



### HOWARD SPRAGUE

Social Arts

*Boys' Club*

"Howie" intends to test the broadening effects of travel via the deck of one of Uncle Sam's dreadnaughts.

### RUTH SOMERS

Commercial

*Sahico Club; Girls' Club*

"Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it."



### WILLIAM STAPLES

Social Arts

*General Electric Boys' Club*

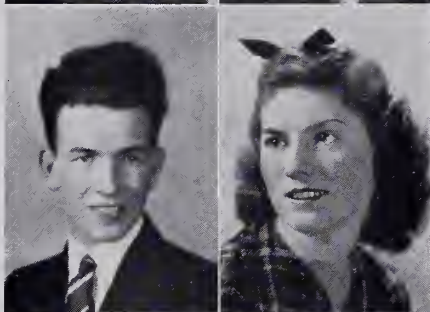
"Bill" is another of our classmates who has a mechanical turn of mind. Next year will find him working in the G. E. Apprentice School.

### CHARLES SOUTHARD

Social Arts

*Boys' Club; Traffic Squad*

"Charlie's" happy combination of wit and gravity have won instant and universal approval.



### OLIVE STEVENS

Social Arts

*Senior Play Girls' Club;*

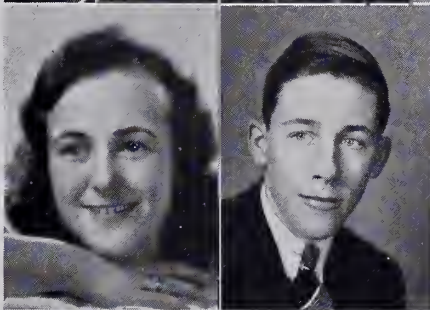
"She walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies  
And all that's best of dark and bright,  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes."

### DOROTHY SPENCER

Social Arts

*Girls' Club*

*Married to Bob Dale 1940*  
"She is pretty to walk with, and witty to talk with, and pleasant, too, to think on."



### DONALD STEWART

Social Arts

*Student Manager, Football 3, 4;  
Manager, Baseball 3; Boys' Club*

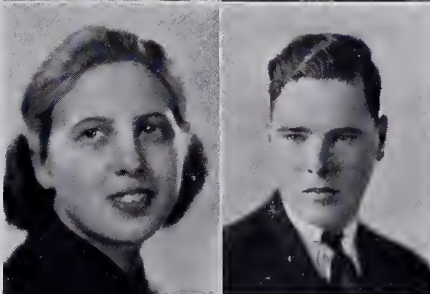
Prospecting for an errant shoe-string or a lost shoulder-pad failed to sour the disposition of "Don," our genial football manager.

### EDITH SPINNEY

Social Arts

*Lynn Hospital Annual; Girls' Club*

Pope wrote it but Edith lives it  
"Reason's whole pleasure,  
all the joys of sense,  
Lie in three words—health,  
peace, and competence."



### MALCOLM STUART

Scientific

*General Electric Band 2, 3, 4; Boys' Club; Ski Club*

"Mal," at present an aviation enthusiast, is one of our seniors who next year will help give a Saugus tinge to G. E. Apprentice School.

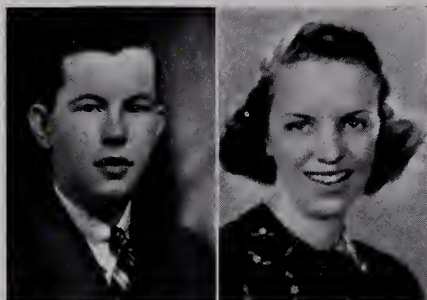


## CRAIG TAYLOR

Scientific

*Traffic Squad 4; Boys' Club*

Craig, the pride and joy of the Senior Class, displayed Edisonian talents with his ingenious invention for pumping gas during our recent hurricane.

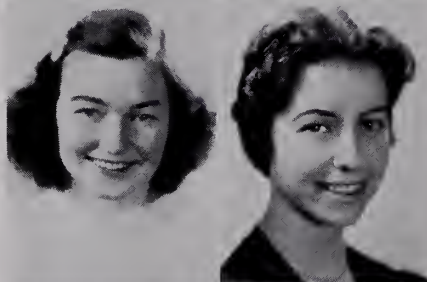


## BEATRICE TIRRELL

Commercial

*Sahico Club; Girls' Club 1942*

"Bea's" proficiency in the arts of the business work will enable her some day to become a valuable cog in the wheel of commerce.

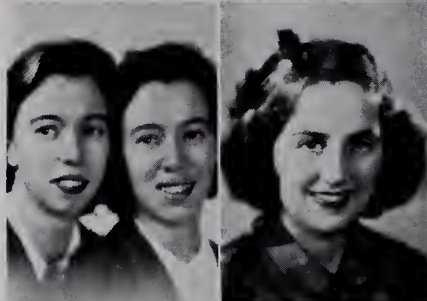


## MARJORIE and MILDRED VATCHER

Social Arts

*Girls' Club*

"Margie" and "Millie," the inseparable twins, are a familiar sight to us all. Their personalities, even as their faces, are ever bright.

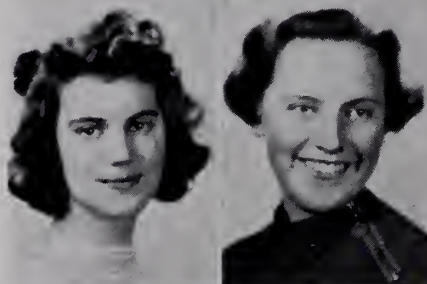


## RUTH IRENE WADSWORTH

College

*Eastman School of Music  
Glee Club 3, 4; Dramatic Club;  
Girls' Club Cabinet 4; Orchestra  
1, 2, 3, 4*

"Oh! blessed with temper whose  
unclouded ray  
Can make tomorrow cheerful  
as today."



## GWENDOLYN WALLACE

Commercial

*Sahico Club; Girls' Club*

"Gwen" is little but looks even tiny beside the double-runner on which she and her friends spent many winter days. This well-liked commercial student hopes to work in the General Electric offices.

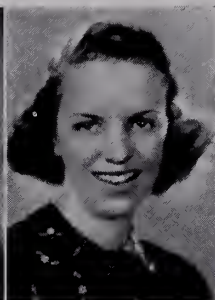


## ESTHER WALTON

College

*Orchestra 1; Glee Club 3, 4;  
Girls' Club*

Esther's companionable instincts manifest themselves in her ever-present smile and her readiness to enter into conversation.



## RUTH WASSERBOEHR

Social Arts

*Focus 3, 4; Ski Club; Dramatic  
Club; Girls' Club Cabinet 4*

Ruth is a demure lass with a contagious giggle. Her artistic talent and tireless energy point to a fine future.



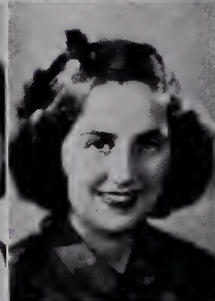
## VIRGINIA WENTWORTH

College

Bates

*Annual; Focus 1, 2, 3, 4; Girls'  
Club Cabinet 3, 4; Glee Club 4;  
Student Council 3; Junior River-  
side Club*

Few are as capable and none more gracious than "Gin."



## MONICA WERSACKAS

Social Arts

*Tewksbury State Hospital  
Girls' Club*

Monica is a cheerful, capable senior, whose good will and kindness toward all come to the surface in her twinkling eyes.



## MARION WILCOX

Social Arts

*Girls' Club Married to  
Buck Futz - 1939*  
Though one should search in the four corners of the globe, it would be difficult to find anyone more pleasant than Marion.



### MARILYNN WILLIAMS

Social Arts

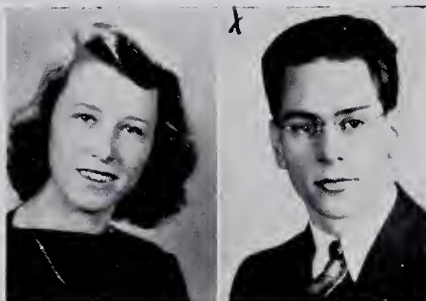
Girls' Club

"Speak gently, 'tis a little thing

Dropped in the heart's deep well.

The good, the joy that it may bring

Eternity shall tell."



### SIDNEY WOODSUM

Scientific

M. I. T.

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Play; Dramatic Club; Boys' Club

Besides being an excellent student, "Sid" plays the violin expertly and is an amateur radio operator. To become a Professor of Mathematics, he plans to attend M. I. T.

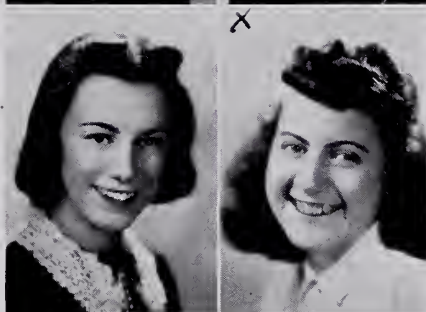
*Married to Virginia Turbox 1939*

### MARION WILSON

Social Arts

Girls' Club

If it's true that "the most manifest sign of wisdom is a continual cheerfulness," Marion will sometime be supreme among the intelligentsia.



### JANETTE WOODWARD

Social Arts

Treasurer 4; Ski Club; Dramatic Club; Cheerleader 4; Girls' Club

Janette and the bard are of one mind in professing that "Care will kill a cat, and therefore let's be merry."

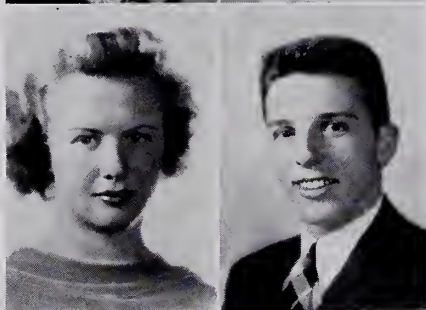
*Married to Wesley Page 1939*

### LILLIAN WINCHESTER

Social Arts

Orchestra 2, 3, 4; Girls' Club

Lillian is a likeable blonde, who tries to be completely impartial in her methods of locomotion, by riding horseback and driving her open car.



### CHARLES POPP

Social Arts

Boys' Club Cabinet, Executive Board; Football 2, 3, 4

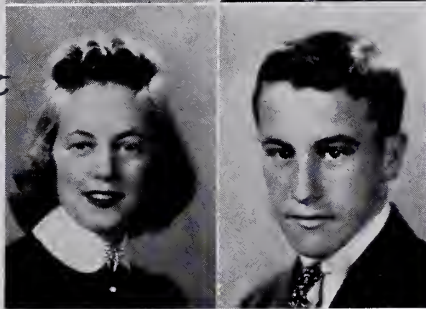
Courageous and sport-minded "Charlie" refused to let a chronic injury check his football career.

### KATHRYN WOLFE

Social Arts

Girls' Club

Chic, to be sure, "Kay" is a nicely dressed explanation of "Why boys go to dancing school."



### JOSEPH MOOREHOUSE

College

Boys' Club Cabinet; Band 3, 4; Senior Play; Traffic Squad 4; President 1, 2

His sense of humor, his fine disposition and his talents have made "Joe" one of the moving spirits of the class.

### BLANCHE WOODFALL

College

Bates

Executive Board; Glee Club 4; Annual; Girls' Club

"Bee," whose explosive laughter would startle even the night editor of the "Barcelona Gazette," will next year take Bates by storm.



### RICHARD SPENCER

Scientific

Northeastern

Ski Club; Boys' Club

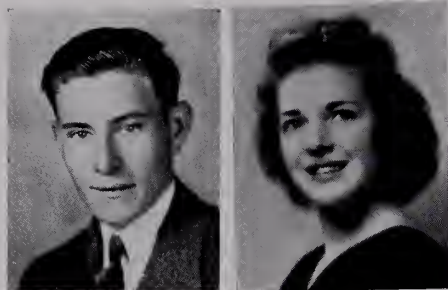
If, as we've heard, an engineer should be resourceful, "Dick," with his many and varied abilities, has made a fitting choice in his profession.

### ERNEST DERDERIAN

Social Arts

*Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Boys' Club*

The belief is that it would have taken a bomb to force "Ernie" out of football this season. This serious student and more serious athlete weathered countless aches, strains, and breaks.



### RALPH ATKINS

Social Arts

*Boys' Club*

It would take a catastrophe of major proportions to erase Ralph's "ear to ear" grin. His good nature knows no bounds.

### EVELYN CHABRA

Social Arts

*Band 4; Girls' Club;*

"Evie" is a pretty blonde who twirled a very likely baton for the Saugus cause through the fall season.

### LAWRENCE CONNORS

Social Arts

*Boys' Club*

Because of soft-spoken "Larry's" reserve, he has won the respect of both the faculty and the student body.

### FORREST FOGG

Social Arts

*Boys' Club*

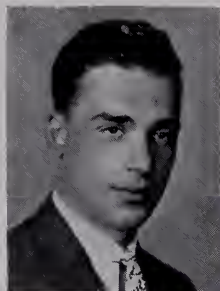
Forrest, an ardent lover and student of nature, finds pleasure and profit in an unusual hobby; taxidermy.

### WENDELL GOVE

Social Arts

*Boys' Club*

Wendell's bland "goat-getting" faculty won him the label of Class Humorist from several well-known devotees of humor of a broader nature.



### WILLIAM ROGERS

Social Arts

*Basketball 2, 3; Boys' Club*

It would have been a defiance of nature if lanky "Will" hadn't turned to basketball. He did and proved outstanding.

### ABRAHAM HASHEM

Social Arts

*Boys' Club*

"Abe", firmly believing the saying that "well-timed silence hath more eloquence than speech," may be concealing Websterian qualities from us, for all we know.

### JOHN KING

Social Arts

*Ski Club; Boys' Club*

General Electric

John, promising candidate for G. E. Apprentice and a typically modest Sno-Scorcher, was the first to deny the rumor that he had modeled for those North Station Ski posters.

### LOTTIE MIODUSZEWSKI

Social Arts

*Senior Play; Girls' Club*

Even the casual observer can easily see why Lottie was chosen the most beautiful girl in the Senior Class.

### PATRICIA STEELE

Social Arts

*Girls' Club*

Lynn's loss is Saugus' gain. "Pat," who has won countless friends in her year with us, plans to use her dancing talent professionally next year.

### STANLEY MARKOWSKI

Social Arts

*Boys' Club*

"Stan," whose keen mind revels in mathematics, is at a loss to understand why Einstein wastes his time on the violin.

### EUGENE LUNDERGAN

Social Arts

*Boys' Club*

"Gene," short and sturdy, has a fondness for all sports, but his first loves are boxing and swimming.

### SEYMOUR WILSON

Social Arts

*Boys' Club*

Seymour justifies his belief in the merits of relaxation by calling to witness the philosopher's observation that, "Rest and success are fellows."

### RUSSELL WOODWARD

Social Arts

*Boys' Club*

"Russ," Allergic to confining walls, hopes to find air to breathe and sights to see in naval service.



# Commencement

## Commencement Activities

Thursday	June 1	Class Banquet
Wednesday	June 8	Class Outing at Provincetown
Friday	June 9	Junior reception to Seniors
Sunday	June 11	Baccalaureate in Assembly Hall. Five o'clock
Tuesday	June 13	Class Night
Thursday	June 15	Graduation
Friday	June 16	Alumni Reception to the Seniors

## Senior Honor Roll

Marjorie Philbrick	Blanche Melewski	John Entwistle
Cecilia Reiniger	Jean Marsh	Maria Faragi
Evelyn Mandeville	Irene Delaney	Dorothy Drown
Virginia Wentworth	Josephine Forti	Norman Cook
Dorothy Cashen	Charlotte Hanson	Miriam Bunker
Barbara Pendlebury	Barbara Cunningham	Ruth Berry
Muriel Johnston	Edward Laats	Walter Kasabuski
Mary Gerniglia	Sidney Woodsum	Edith Spinney
Andrea Pearce	Philip Bean	Ethel Richardson
Ruth Schiorring	Blanche Woodfall	Arthur Sheldon
Marjorie Lord	Ruth Wasserboehr	Symonne Humphries
Lillian Campbell	Alta Kusch	Winifred Hamlin
Ruth Irene Wadsworth	Mildred Carter	Kenneth Lumsden
Maria Alkides	Beatrice Tirrell	Owen Cook
	Walter Almquist	



# Valedictory

## A Pioneer of the Press

By Marjorie Philbrick

A stalwart, buckskin-clad figure, with a coonskin cap, soft, pliant moccasins, and a musket in the crook of his arm—this is the first picture brought to mind by the word “pioneer.” But, beside it, in the gallery of our imagination hang portraits of those men who have worked and are working to prepare the way in science and the arts for the advancement of civilization. Among these is a pioneer of the press.

It is on a dark night in the late summer of 1864 that a panting, dripping lad wearily hauls himself from the cold waters of Boston harbor. He is an immigrant, one of the guileless young men recruited from Europe for the Union Army. Unlike his shipboard companions, however, this youth has discerned that he has been gulled by the American agents. Now, determined to collect his own bounty, he has slipped cautiously over the side of the ship and swum to shore. He stands and gazes curiously about, for the first time actually seeing the land of opportunity extending before him.

The name of this boy, who is destined to become a famous American pioneer, is Joseph Pulitzer. Force of character, high spirit, ambition, and an indomitable courage are traced in his delicate features. Also revealed are a quick temper and a somewhat obstinate nature.

But as Pulitzer stands on the shore of Boston harbor, he thinks not of himself nor of his future in America. After all, in spite of his adventurous spirit, he is only a boy, and a rather wistful boy as his thoughts wing back across the sea to his family and his home in Hungary. Perhaps he is once more seeing his tutor trying to make him sit still long enough to learn his Latin verbs or his mathematics; perhaps he is seeing his mother and father as they despair of ever curbing the spirit of their restless son; perhaps he is hearing again the recruiting officers of three European armies as they say, “Sorry, young man, your eyes are bad.” Not for long does he meditate thus, however; soon he impatiently shrugs off his memories, and with a quick, firm stride, he turns his footsteps in the general direction of New York City.

Twenty years of vigorous life roll on. In his office, Joseph Pulitzer critically reads a challenging editorial which he has just completed—an editorial that is one of many destined to frame public opinion in the years to follow. Perusing this article, Pulitzer feels a sense of deep satisfaction that his first great appeal to the American public is in behalf of liberty, the dearest longing of his soul. Again and again, the man appraises the editorial, pouring into the words all the force of his strong personality and all his passion for freedom. He scans the message with eyes that are weary from lack of sleep and much abused by long hours of writing. Occasionally, the lines blur before his fading vision, but here and there phrases stand out like beacons: “Money must be raised to complete the pedestal for the Bartholdi statue—a gift emblematical of our attainment of the first century of independence—we must raise the money.” It continues: “Not a gift from the millionaires of France to the millionaires of America, but a

gift from the whole people of France to the whole people of America—give something, however little.”

The next day the editorial is published in the “World”—the “World” that the immigrant has acquired in twenty short years. The message is read by thousands and is answered by thousands. A few months later, the New York paper announces in triumph the success of its undertaking. Sums varying from a few cents to many dollars have poured in, and now the work can go forward again. Soon the pedestal of the Statue of Liberty is completed, and an immigrant has saved America from disgrace.

Another period of twenty years passes. In the harbor of Athens, the yacht “Liberty” lies at anchor. In the vessel’s library sits a man, old in appearance and obviously ill, but with a familiar proud demeanor. He is surrounded with books he can no longer read, and paintings he can no longer see, for the slender thread that held the dim vision of Joseph Pulitzer has snapped at last. His nerves are shattered; symptoms of weakness of the lungs have appeared.

One might expect that the failure of his health would have crushed the man, but, from the crisp, authoritative tone of his voice, it is clear that this is not the case. Perhaps it is his memories that sustain him, for he has glorious recollections of service to his beloved America. Always an idealist, he has learned to love his adopted country and her ideals. He may be thinking of the message that he sent to his staff on the occasion of the laying of the cornerstone of the great Pulitzer Building. The lines are singularly characteristic of this brilliant journalist, and as fundamental and honorable for the newspaper profession as the Hippocratic Oath is for the medical profession. He repeats softly, “God grant that this structure be the enduring home of a newspaper forever unsatisfied with merely printing news—forever fighting every form of Wrong—forever Independent—forever advancing in Enlightenment and Progress—forever wedded to truly Democratic ideas—forever aspiring to be a Moral Force—forever rising to a higher plane of perfection as a Public Institution.” Pulitzer’s words, as thus set forth, have always been the creed of the New York “World.” It must be gratifying indeed for the publisher to realize that the approval of the public has manifested itself in the ever-increasing circulation of the paper.

The stricken man seated in the deep, comfortable chair suddenly rouses himself from his reverie, for Joseph Pulitzer is not often given to daydreaming. Brushing aside his thoughts, he calls for one of his six capable secretaries. It is not improbable that the remaining five are recuperating from their last meeting with the master, since Pulitzer’s tremendous energy marks no difference between night and day. Frequently, the irascible old man, though sick and blind, exhausts his entire staff of able-bodied male secretaries in the course of twenty four hours. Now, with his customary efficiency, he completes the business of the day. He has given no indication that anything is amiss, and it is, therefore, a shock to the assistants when they learn the next morning that the grand old man has quietly died in his sleep.

The generous bequests of Pulitzer to the Philharmonic Society of New York and to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, revealing his interest in music and art, alone would perpetuate his name. The benefaction making possible the founding

of the Columbia School of Journalism has opened to American youth a new field of education and has established higher standards for the American press. The famous Pulitzer Prizes, awarded annually in the interest of literature and meritorious newspaper work are eagerly awaited each year by the editors, reporters, cartoonists, authors, and poets throughout the country.

Nevertheless, great as these contributions may be, it is not for them that the man should be remembered. Though rejected by the Austrian, British, and French armies, Joseph Pulitzer, fortified with his militant pen, became a soldier who fought for freedom, for enlightenment, and for a better nation. Truly, Napoleon's words, "I fear three newspapers more than a hundred thousand bayonets," apply to Pulitzer's journalistic career.

To newspaper men, Pulitzer will always represent the attainment of the ultimate goal in their profession. He will be revered as another great American pioneer, who, through his dynamic editorial pages, championed the freedom, integrity, and honor of the American press, and of the American people.

To Mr. Evans, our Superintendent, to the members of the School Committee, to our Principal, Mr. Pearce, and to the Saugus High School faculty, we, the Class of 1939, extend our most sincere appreciation for your friendly guidance and earnest endeavor to provide for us a happy and profitable school life. To our parents we express our deepest thanks for your understanding and encouragement, which have made this day possible. Reluctant though we may be to leave, it is with eagerness that we face the future, in the hope that we may always bring credit to our school, to which we now bid, "Farewell."

# The Salutatory

## In New Fields of Enjoyment

By Cecilia Reiniger

Salutatory—

Tonight it is my privilege, on behalf of the Class of 1939, to extend to you, parents and friends, a cordial welcome to our graduation exercises—the consummation of our four years of work. Your presence among us contributes greatly to our happiness. We sincerely trust that you will enjoy a pleasant evening.

As twilight descends upon the ocean, the weathered sails of a staunch Spanish galleon, boldly plowing through the deep, catch the last rays of the sun. The sailors manning her, men of vision and determination, know not what will be their fate; yet they are eager to challenge and to conquer this treacherous sea long closed to them in superstition. They are pioneers!

Time moves on. The sun is setting, the last glow of light glimmers o'er the earth. An endless stream of covered wagons, advancing slowly yet steadily, crossing plateaus, rivers, and deserts, now form huge circles around camp fires. Driving the wagons, enduring hardships and privations, enduring sickness and death of loved ones—past ever present dangers, and through the wilderness to



blaze the path for posterity—are sturdy, keen-sighted men and women. They are pioneers!

A century passes. Night falls and the powerful motors of a huge air-bird murmur through the heavens. Amid the flickering stars, the lone China Clipper soars along the horizon as a beautiful swan swiftly darting toward its destination. They who are piloting this immense ship on her trial flight are trusting in man's handicraft to reach the longed-for goal. They are pioneers!

Just as man has taken giant steps to conquer the forbidden distance and the vastness of space—so he has also advanced in the realms of ideas, toward freedom and reform; in science, toward discoveries and theories of inestimable value to man; in industry, toward better living conditions; and in art, toward greater happiness. Thus man has advanced—thus he has pioneered and is still pioneering.

The great theater save for the screen is in darkness. It is June of 1938. A brilliant ray is projected on the screen, and the audience is spellbound. A little ragged boy with dirty hands grins broadly as his favorite tale unfolds before him. A grandmother adjusts her glasses, the better to see the delightful picture. Her mind wanders momentarily from the enchanting drama and she relives her childhood days when there were no theaters. Here, a serious business man is actually laughing as he gives himself whole-heartedly to the humorous film. The face of a once tired shop girl now shows relief. Her heart, as well as those of all the audience, reaches out to save the sweet little princess, her seven queer helpers and the lovable woodland animals from the wicked queen as Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs come to life on the screen.

The man whose pioneering efforts resulted in the scene just described—the man whose ingeniously conceived idea of mingling childish simplicity with the touch of an artist's skill—is Walter Disney. Born in Chicago, Illinois,—one of five sons of German-Irish parents—he is today loved the world over for the delightful characters that people everywhere recognize and enjoy.

Even as a boy he used to sketch figures, and the fascination which he felt at an early age for this sort of work developed into a longing. To gratify this, he earned money in many different ways. When he was only nine years old, he had a paper route which meant getting up at half past three every morning. Later, he became a news butcher on a train from Kansas City to Chicago. With the money so earned, Disney paid for a night course in cartooning at the Academy of Fine Arts. In spite of repeated attempts, however, he was unable to secure any work in his chosen field.

Walt Disney served in the War, but after the Armistice was signed, he found himself back in the United States still cherishing the thought of his cartoons. Pursuing his idea with dogged determination, he established an organization to produce cartoon pictures which resulted in "Little Red Riding Hood." Although Disney had a distributor and made several other films, the distributor soon collapsed and the corporation also. But he couldn't give up now—he was too fond of the work. So he photographed children and sold the films to their mothers, thereby earning enough money to arrive in Hollywood with a suit,



sweater, drawing materials, and forty dollars to go into business with his brother Roy.

Returning one night from a New York business trip, while lying sleepless in an upper berth, Walt Disney conceived the idea of putting Mickey Mouse into an animated moving picture. Walt had known Mickey for some time then—for Mickey was a real mouse that Disney had befriended several years before. By feeding his lunch crumbs to the office mice, he had soon tamed them and had kept them living comfortably in a cage. But one became so friendly that Disney let him run on his desk while he worked. This was his favorite—the original Mickey Mouse, from which was to come the realization of his life's dream.

Quick to lead in new fields, Disney released "Steamboat Willie", the first sound cartoon picture. It revolutionized the cinema industry, attracting more attention to the short subject than to the features. As soon as technicolor was developed that was promptly adopted. His rise since then has been very rapid. He has brought to life many an animated character which will never be forgotten. Pluto, Clara Cluck, Oswald the Rabbit, the Three little Pigs, and Donald Duck have become more than cartoons—for they have real personalities.

Later, when he wanted to make "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," everyone scoffed—even his artist force. He may have accomplished wonders by his fantastic imagination—but to attempt an enterprize like that—seven reels of animated cartoon at such tremendous cost—it was doing the impossible! But he did do it! And did it so well that the people are eagerly awaiting its successor.

Like most pioneers, Disney has experienced misunderstanding and appreciation. Critics the world over have been analyzing his productions. Some try to establish him as a theologian, others as a sociologist. They even attempt to find the motive for Dopey's queer actions and the object of having only four digits on the dwarf's hands. But, in truth, Disney makes a picture solely for enjoyment, and never with an ulterior motive. He felt that his purpose had been attained when his little daughter Diane Marie, with the sincerity of children, thanked him for making Snow White for her. But not from childhood alone has come recognition of his talents, for both the University of Southern California and Harvard deemed him worthy to stand among the distinguished to receive an honorary degree. Such a thing had never happened before in the history of the stage.

A man who not only is honored by colleges, noted statesmen and critics alike, but one who is able to mingle humor with his works, to touch the hearts of every man in the world by his uncanny skill,—a man who can make people forget and laugh in the face of tragedy—such a man is truly an artist.

A man who can venture forth on the very strength of an idea, who endures hardships, ridicule, and discouragement in order to carry out his idea—a man who dares to forge ahead in new fields for the enjoyment of the world—such a man is truly a pioneer.

# History

## FRESHMAN YEAR



Let us go back four years into the past. On a bright September morning four years ago, alarm clocks rang to summon the members of the class of 1939 to leave their mothers and to become full-fledged, although moderately frightened High School Freshmen.

It would be impossible for us to describe adequately our feelings as we shyly moved up the school walk for the first time. With a feeling of importance, with curiosity in what this new experience would be like, and with a little self-consciousness we hastened into the building.

After this pleasant but trying experience was over, and after we were settled in our respective places, we found ourselves addressed no longer as John and Mary, but we girls as "Miss" and the boys by their family names.

As newcomers, we were introduced to another newcomer, Mr. John Pearce, our new principal.

A few weeks after everyone was settled in his class, we held a class meeting. At this time we elected our first class officers. As the result of the voting, Joseph Moorehouse was elected president; Donald Moses, vice-president, Thelma Burbank, secretary; and Frank McCarthy, treasurer.

As we looked back over our Freshman year, and as we looked forward to our Sophomore year, we felt sure that the new hurdle would be easier than the first one.

—Mary Gerniglia '39

## SOPHOMORE YEAR

On September 7, 1936 we, sophisticated Sophomores, not very reluctantly began another momentous year. We were pleasantly aware of a new poise which we treasured as a badge of our years and wisdom.

Miss Rita Lavin, our very patient adviser, helped us to organize early in the season. "Joe" Moorehouse's lively personality brought him the job of class president for a second year. That romantic pair, "Don" Moses and Thelma Burbank, took over the positions of vice-president and treasurer respectively. Phyllis Perkins was our able secretary.

Our first social function and afternoon dance broke no attendance records. Despite that it holds many fond memories for us as the occasion of our first meeting with many whom we had missed in the freshman year.

The football season found two of our members rising from the ranks of the scrubs to see their share of action. They were "Bob" Burns and "Ernie" Derderian.

One of our classmates, "Dot" Cashen, was the first secretary of the newly-formed Girls' Club, under the guidance of Miss Bernice Hayward and Miss Ruth Motherwell. This year also featured the



formation of another new organization in which several Sophomores took an active part—this time it being the boys. Harold Ring, Joseph Moorehouse, John Frederick, "Tony" Petrillo, Craig Taylor, and Malcolm Stuart seized the opportunity to become members of the Band.

Through the kindness of our adviser, many of us spent a very pleasant evening at the Pop Concert in Boston on Saturday, May 22, 1937. Not long after, with the end of school near, we enjoyed ourselves for a day at Walden Pond. It wasn't the first time that the candid camera was made good use of by our classmates.

Although the history seems almost entirely one of extra-curricular activity, such was not actually the case, and June found our class very content to retire to a summer leisure to dream of the glories of the Junior year.

—Andrea Pearce '39

## JUNIOR YEAR



"Juniors"—we dropped for the moment our sophistication, acquired after two years of study and "imitation," to confess that there was a real joy in repeating that new title—"Juniors."

Early in the year we realized that the football team that year was to be outstanding. Spurred on by the fiery direction of the popular new coach, "Buzz" Harvey, the boys outdid themselves. The arch rival, Marblehead, was conquered for the first time, and five successive victories made a prominent place for the

"Sachems" in the gridiron world.

Early in December, the class organized with Mr. Rice as advisor. Much to our delight, the ever-popular Frank McCarthy was elected president, assisted by likeable Joseph Gillis, vice-president, and popular Dorothy Cashen and Helen Doherty, as Secretary and Treasurer.

About this time, the main theme of conversation among the girls was, "Who are you going to invite to the Girls' Club Dance?" or "Don't you hate it when only the girls can do the inviting?" for the Girls' Club had become an important organization, and the first Annual Christmas Dance, was awaited with great eagerness. It proved to be one of the prettiest social events of the year, and judging from the large attendance, we know that the girls weren't quite as timid as they pretended to be.

In January, to our complete dismay, the school adopted a new system of Mid-Year Examinations, a two and a half hour exam in every college subject! It seemed as if we would never get through them. Luckily the results were not averaged in with our regular marks.

Our only consolation to school life in that season came with the arrival of our class rings. For nearly three years we had anticipated them, and they were well worth waiting for. We thought that our rings were the best that any class had ever had and with eyes shining with pride we showed them to the underclassmen.



With the approach of spring, our studies as well as activities increased. The ringing sound of "Four score and seven years ago" again resounded through the walls of Mr. McCullough's history room, making the future history students shiver with the thought that they too, would soon be reciting that famous address.

One day, a very different sound came from the chemistry lab.—a loud bang. Of course we couldn't get through the year without an explosion! However, "Ginny" and Blanche escaped with small cuts and scratches, and gave the other brave experimenters some excitement and a lesson in caution.

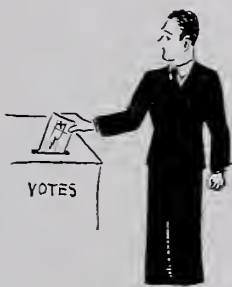
The most important day in a Junior's social life came on April 29 with the Prom. The hall was filled with gay dancing couples, and the evening of fun was over altogether too soon.

The next eventful day was May 6, when the Glee Club presented the college operetta, "*The Count and the Co-ed.*" Four of our classmates, Maria Alkides, Ruth Fiske, Eleanor Baker, and Ruth Wadsworth took leading parts. The new Glee Club under Miss Goss' Direction had indeed proven successful.

As warm weather came, the class thoughts turned to outings, and on June 22, we spent a very happy day swimming, boating, and chatting at Walden Pond.

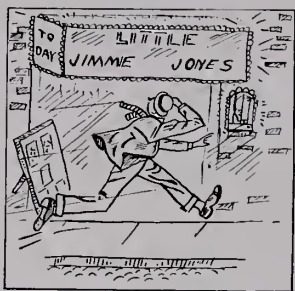
The final Junior activity was the reception for the Seniors, which made us realize that the time was very near, when we who so recently had been only Freshmen, would be full fledged or (sophisticated) Seniors at Saugus High School.

## SENIOR YEAR



The Senior Year! Our wishes had been fulfilled! Remember for the past three years that old cry, "I wish I were a Senior!" We were then thinking of graduation, but before that we were thinking of the happy hours that we have spent in our last year of high school. Many of us will go on to colleges and other institutions of learning, but we were well aware, as we entered upon our last year in Saugus High School, that the happy times of this year would have no duplicate in later life.

During the election of officers early in the year, we were treated to displays of rare eloquence, prior to the actual balloting. Those who were finally successful were: William Diamond as our president, Marjorie Lord as our popular vice-president, Dorothy Cashen as secretary, and Janette Woodward as our vigilant treasurer, whose business motto is, "Pay your dues or be embarrassed into paying them!"



We had further cause to be proud of our class, when, during the past football season we counted eight Seniors on the team. Those Seniors, Earl Hanson, Bob Burns, Ernie Derderian, Ken Hooper, Ray Clark, Roger Merrithew, Eddie Caffarella, Eddie Coffill, Charlie Popp, and "Bunny Hurlbert," were a contributing factor in the success of the team in new Stackpole's Stadium.

The first social event of the year to claim our attention was the Senior Dance held on December 2, 1938. Ice skates would have been appropriate for those who attended because the streets and sidewalks were great sheets of ice. Chivalry was restored to all its pristine glory that night, what with countless boys, hardly able to keep their own footing, helping their more helpless companions over the more dangerous spots in the yard and street near the school. Despite Nature's plans to the contrary, the hard-working committee was rewarded for its efforts in the success of this event.

Along toward the first of February, Miss Alice Sisco, the dramatic instructor, issued a call for all those Seniors who wished to try out for the Senior Play "Little Jimmie Jones." All those who responded were rewarded with a try-out. The final cast was finally chosen and the leads were given to Joe Moorehouse and Sally Roberts. Joe portrayed "Jimmie" Jones and Sally was Polly Prescott, his girl friend. It is the opinion of those who saw the play that Sally Roberts will go far in the field of dramatics. The production was a triumph because of the fine unison in which actors, directors, ushers, and audience worked. They all should be proud of the work that they did.

On May 5, the Glee Club presented the operetta, "Riding Down the Sky," in the Saugus Town Hall. This was the last operetta in which those two Seniors, Ruth Fiske and Maria Alkides were to participate. As usual, their delightful singing was met with great approval by the audience. Bill Diamond, our eloquent president, gave a very fine version of a "singing marine." Miss Goss, the director, should be commended on the fine job she did in presenting this show. It was a grand piece of work on the part of everyone participating in it.

Simultaneously with the talk of our new Annual under the editorship of Virginia Wentworth, came the ever-present trimmings of the last few months of the Senior year—proofs, pictures, commencement, books, and, of course, numerous class meetings. The subjects discussed at these meetings were the class outing, what to buy for a class gift, and the class banquet.



One of the few sad notes in our Senior year was the passing of one of our most beloved teachers, Miss Dorothy Eyre. We miss her, for she was always a comrade to all who knew and loved her. The memory of one so fine will always be enshrined in our hearts. Another sad note, while not so tragic, gave the students and faculty some bad moments. That was the injury to Mr. Nicholas Morris, our teacher-coach. While we all were very much relieved when we learned he was out of danger, we felt better when he returned to his classes.

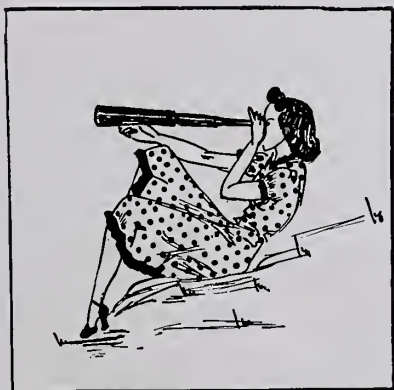
Before closing this history of the class of 1939, we would like to extend our thanks and appreciation to the faculty for their help and cooperation during our four years of high school. They have given us the knowledge that we are to use in our try for success and if we fail, we know that it is we who are at fault, not the persons who taught us.

Commencement Week started June 11. That word held more than one meaning for the graduating Seniors. It not only marked the beginning of graduation exercises, but it also marked the beginning of our walk up the road of life. It opened the byways to the many roads that were to be taken either to success or failure. On June 15 we went forth to receive our diplomas. While we were crossing the platform to receive them, the words of our class motto were vividly recalled to us, "*Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise.*"

Mary Gerniglia  
Andrea Pearce  
Ruth Wadsworth  
Lillian Campbell

## Class Prophecy

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. This is your reporter, Barbara Pendlebury, of station WSHS, bringing you a broadcast of special interest to graduates of Saugus High School, Class of 1939. Tonight reunions are being



held in New York, Los Angeles, New Orleans, and here at the World's Fair located on the site of what used to be known as the Saugus Marsh. This reunion is to celebrate the tenth anniversary of that memorable graduation day, June 15, 1939. Because many of the members of this class are scattered here and there over the world and so few remain in and around Saugus, we have arranged to hold reunions in various sections of the country as the only means of bringing our class together on its tenth anniversary.

I am now broadcasting from an elevated platform overlooking the throngs of people here at the Fair gathered to witness this wonderful spectacle. As I look around through the crowd I see his Honor, the mayor, who is none other than that fellow we all remember, *Ernie Dederian*.



Also another celebrity who is having his big night is *Charlie Popp* one of the thirty-niners and, I am told, the originator of the idea of having this Fair in his own home town. Gathered in front of the out-of-door stage is a very enthusiastic crowd listening to the rhythmic beat of the music of *Vera Moberg* and her swingsters, among them, *Harold Ring*, *Tony Petrillo*, *George Hoffman*, *Carl Hooper*, and *Bob Dole*. You can imagine what a grand evening will be had when all of these, and other '39 graduates gather for the banquet and entertainment in the hall which is known as the *Elmer Watson Hall*, named in honor of our beloved class adviser. As I glance across the grounds, my eyes rest on a hot dog stand at which the proprietor, *Demetri Nicolo*, is busily engaged serving refreshments to *Marilynn Williams*, secretary to the mayor, and *Margie McLean*, who is secretary to *Kenneth Beaver*, the designer of many of these beautiful buildings. Oh, there is *Bob Fladger* performing his duties as chief of police, and he's doing a mighty good job of it too. With him is *Stanley Markowski*, his right-hand man. Coming down the fair-way, I see *Evelyn Mandeville*, *Eileen Madden*, and *Ada Mac Naught*, three successful business women; *Muriel Johnston*, a physical instructor at a famous girls' school; *Elsie Platt*, who is a successful dietitian; and our little air-line hostess, *Ethel Richardson*, all gayly laughing and chatting. *Bob Clark*, reporter for the Saugus "Times," is certainly enjoying his job of trying to get news which will be of interest to his editor, *Earl Hanson*, and also to his readers. He is talking to *Ray Clark*, who, I am told, has recently organized a successful Escort Bureau in Boston. Remember how bashful Ray used to be? There is *William Staples* going over to join them. Bill, as you know, is a prominent banker. Coming out of the Transportation building I see *Charles Southard* who is now the owner of a large travel agency. *Don Stewart*, salesman for the *Ken Hooper Sporting Goods Company*, is also an interested spectator here at the Fair. Oh, there goes *Elton Chase* and his pal, *Don Moses*, who are operating a very successful and well-known riding school in Bar Harbor, Maine. In front of the Home Economy building is gathered a group of housewives evidently discussing the latest in household labor saving devices and can you guess who they are? Well, just in case you can't, I'll tell you. They are *Millie Carter*, *Gwen Wallace*, *Helen Leonard*, *Mildred Frederick*, *Margie Coy*, and *Loretta Gould*.

Well, sorry folks, as our time is limited I will be unable to broadcast further the activities of our reunion, but will turn the microphone over to *Blanche Melewski* who will tell you about the New York get-together of members of the class of '39. Take it away, *Blanche*!

Good evening, fellow members of the Class of 1939, and invited guests. It's a pleasure to see so many familiar faces here this evening, for this, our first radio anniversary program.

We have with us this evening: *Walter Almquist*, now a successful producer on Broadway, and with him *Marion Wilson*, his latest find in the long list of talented dramatic actresses he has discovered. Many of *Milton Hazel's* Floy Floy Club artists are here tonight. *Eleanor Baker*, the featured blues singer, *Esther Walton* who has created a sensation with her singing violin, and *Chet Russo*, the popular singer whose theme song, "Mexicali Rose", is always introduced by that talented trombone player, *Glen Larkin*. *Mathilda Arsenault*, popular dancing leader has brought with her tonight to this New York party her

famous Rhythmettes including *Dot Spencer*, *Edith Spinney*, *Elizabeth Lyons*, and *Monica Wersackes*. This talented group draws many from the social circle. *Frank McCarthy*, now a successful lawyer, but still the suave bachelor, is here this evening and has just handed me a telegram from Mrs. Ashton Vanderbilt, nee *Olive Stevens*, who is on a cruise to Hawaii. Olive sends her best wishes and regrets that she could not be with us. Seated at the table to my right are *Walter Kasbuski*, who won skiing honors right here in Madison Square Garden last month, at the annual Ice Festival, and also *Martha Gallagher* and *Jean Hawkes* who received cups for some spectacular figure skating. Another Contest winner with us this evening is *Ida Bourke*, who won the title of "Miss New York" only last week. *Edward Laats* and *Murray Hale*, important radio technicians at Radio City, are here, as is *Joe Neville* who entertains us nightly on the radio with his hill-billy songs, assisted by *Eugene Lundergan* and *Henry McKeever*. Those brilliant stars of Broadway, "*Bunny*" *Hurlbert* and *Kay Wolfe*, are here. They are co-starring in that hit play, "*Tahitian Waters*" which was written by the rising young playwright, *Eddie Caffarella*. *Helen Hayes* and *Barbara Crockford*, two of our tall blonde sophisticates, who are making good as photographer's models, are also here. At another table is Mrs. Archie Moulton, nee *Charlotte Hanson*. She is on a sight-seeing trip in New York, and is accompanied by her seven year old twins. *Richard Spencer*, the famous surgeon, is here, and with him is his private secretary, *Maria Faragi*. Over at a corner table, I see *Joe Gillis*, who received an honorary degree from Columbia University for his nation-wide publication, "Romance of the Bulging Biceps."

I now take you to New Orleans and turn you over to Barbara Cunningham, announcing the progress of the New Orleans party.

Greetings, Class of 1939! This is New Orleans joining your nation-wide reunion. Our banquet here in the Hotel Ritzy has attracted alumni from the entire South.

*Norman Cook*, the Governor of Louisiana, is the Master of Ceremonies and two members of the state legislature, *Abraham Hashem* and *Stanley Harmon*, are the speakers. Seated at one of the small individual tables are *Charles Chapman*, *Harlan Searles*, and *Owen Farley*, all members of last year's pennant winning club, the "Daffy Dodgers." They are waiting for their owner and manager, *Lawrence Connors*, who has not yet arrived. To the left is *Roger Merrithew*, the Cotton King of the 1949 Cotton Festival, and his party among whom are *Esther Downes*, the Cotton Queen, and her maids of honor, the socialites *Kay Folan*, *Dot Poole*, *Ruth Bigelow*, and *Miriam Blatchford*. *James Blair*, the well-known skier who is recovering from an injury received while practicing in the Swiss Alps, has just brought me a telegram from *May Price*. She is now a missionary in Siberia and she sends best wishes to her former classmates Well—who is this entering? It's *Lester Pinkham*, the big game hunter and with him is the archeologist, *Forrest Fogg*. They have stopped in on the way to Africa, whence they are going to search for the Ooga-Umph, a strange beast discovered by *Don Pitman* and *Mario Pedi*, the two aviators who were stranded in the heart of Africa two years ago. Both are present tonight. And here come *Walter Coy*, *Patsy Rossetti*, *Frank Penney*, and *Bruce Pollock*, the crew of Pinkham's yacht "The Tugboat." How well they look in their uniforms! It seems our time is up, but before leaving,

we wish to thank *Howard Gage*, owner of the local radio station, and *Roland Mansfield*, Chief of Police, for their splendid cooperation. Best wishes from your former classmates. Take it away, California!

Thank you Barb. Hello everyone. This is Irene Delaney speaking. It's a pleasure to be announcing this great affair. From my table I see many of my former classmates.

"Bunny" *Sheldon*, cameraman at one of the big studios, is taking publicity shots of *Bud O'Connor*, *Phyllis Steele*, and *Ruth Fiske*, the latest discoveries of *Charles Harnden*, the producer. Incidentally, he has just released another picture "Her Latest Love" co-starring *Joe Moorehouse* and *Dot Seaboyer*. Our Hollywood reporter, *Harold Knowlton*, rates it as one of the best pictures of the year. *Beatrice Tirrell*, secretary to director *George Perkins*, caused a great deal of excitement by arriving on time. Over in the corner I see fashion leader, *Phyllis Bean*, with an attractive hair-do styled by *Carol Durgin* and wearing a dress of baby blue chiffon created by *Miriam Bunker*. *Bill Melanson* and *Ray Buckless* flew up here from San Diego where they are instructing at the Government Aviation School. I see *Les* and *Ralph Atkins* just arriving. I would ask them to say a few words, but they would try to advertise their cooking school for men. Radio engineer, *Malcolm Stuart* just signalled that there is some static coming through. It's probably *Fred Hooper* entertaining his table by crooning. On entering the building, I was surprised to see *Stephen Francois* who tells me he is out here on business for the G. E.

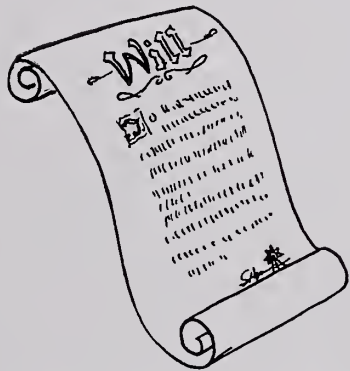
Oh yes, and there are the radio stars *Alton Page* and *Howie Sprague*. They have been talking with *Florence Atwater*, famous for her column, "Advice to the Lovelorn." What's the matter, boys? Looking for advice? *Kenneth Lumsden's* secretary, *Jean Marsh*, just handed me two telegrams. I see they are from *Ruthie Somers* and *Russell Woodward*. Kennie will publish their text books. At the present time *Ruthie* is in China, writing a book on Chinese religion, and *Russell* is with an expedition in South America, also seeking material for a book.

Well, I see my time is up. We regret it very much that we haven't the time to broadcast the speeches to follow, but we hope you have all enjoyed this and the other broadcasts of activities at the four parties held in celebration of Saugus High School, Class of '39's tenth anniversary. This is your west-coast reporter signing off. Good night.



# Class Will

Be it remembered that we, the Class of 1939, of Saugus High School, County of Essex, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being of sound mind and memory but knowing the uncertainty of this life, do make this our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills by us at any time heretofore made. After the payment of our just debts and graduation expenses, we bequeath and devise as follows:



1. To the coming Seniors, we leave the trials and tribulations of graduation.

2. To the Junior Class, we leave the joy of composing a Class Ode.

3. To future cheering squads, we leave the pep, vim, and vigor of Dot Drown, Irene Harding, Helen Doherty, Sadie Roberts, Marion Smith, and Janette Woodward, and a large though somewhat faded umbrella,

donated generously by a faculty member for repetitions of the Plymouth game.

4. To the underclassmen, we bequeath the many hours to be spent in the Detention Room.

5. To Jean Russell, we leave Eleanor Foster's ability to dress well.

6. We bequeath to future "Focus" staffs the need of a screw driver to take down the "Focus" box.

7. To Miss Marison and the very few Commercial girls of the Junior Class, we leave with sympathy the various tasks of the Office Practice Room.

8. Frank McCarthy leaves to Ernie Mutchler his excellent taste in the selection of clothes.

9. The Senior Class, in recognition of his splendid cooperation during the year, leaves one pair of stream-lined roller skates to Mr. Harvey with which to make his daily rounds of the corridor.

10. To Betty Hatch, we leave Sadie Roberts' vivacity and popularity.

11. To Chan Widell, Bill Diamond leaves his oratorical (?) powers.

12. Bob Burns' prowess on the football field is left to Mike Harrington, Stan Green, and Jim Duffy.

13. To Jeanne Anderson, Gin Wentworth bequeaths all trials, tribulations, and lack of time as President of the Girls' Club.

14. To the students who have studied faithfully in the Assembly Hall, we leave feather pillows with which to make their stay more comfortable.

15. To any Junior who is capable of acquiring them, Sidney P. Woodsum bequeaths his highly intellectual and thoroughly scientific thoughts.

16. To Miss Willey, we bequeath a golden fence to protect her beloved plants.

17. To Buster Courtis, Bob Gowen leaves a few inches of his height.

18. To all future History Students, we give Mr. McCullough's outstanding color combinations, his interesting stories, and his very, very rapid dictation periods.

19. To Welsford Trefry, Bunny Hurlbert leaves his dancing ability.

20. To the Sophomore and Junior girls, we leave all the boys in that class that Barbara Pratt has acquired within the past few years.

21. To Fred Fearn, Wendell Gove leaves his wit and humor.

22. To Norma Kimball, Gin Means leaves her strut and clever twirling technique.

23. To the janitors, we bequeath the task of keeping the boys out of the boiler rooms.

24. To Mr. Chadsey, his Chemistry Classes leave more iron sulphide and hydrochloric acid to make more hydrogen sulphide to "entertain" the Study Hall.

25. To hungry underclassmen, we leave the fourth lunch period.

26. To Jean MacDougall, Margie Lord leaves her grace in dancing.

27. To Dorothy Mandeville, we leave Miggie Philbrick's scholastic standing.

28. To the next year's Senior Class, we bequeath the Senior Class meetings in the hope that they find in these meetings the quiet and peace we always did.

29. To Glenadine Glazier, Maria Alkides' musical talent is bequeathed.

30. Blanche Woodfall and Ida Doucette leave their title "Peanie" to Rosalie Orifice.

31. To Paul Huber is left Ruth Irene Wadsworth's talent at playing the piano.

32. Miriam Bunker bequeaths her giggle to Louise Hayes.

33. Jack Entwistle's ability to argue and dispute on any possible question is left to George Pitman with the hope that he use it to best advantage.

34. To Eddy Mioduszewski, Ruth Wasserboehr and Jean Hawkes leave their skill at drawing.

35. Eddie Coffill bequeaths his title of "Red" to Richard McKenna.

36. To Betty Hatch, we leave Joe Moorehouse.

37. To Evelyn Shirley, "Andy" Pearce leaves her pleasant disposition.

38. Phil Bean leaves his ability to convey his meaning through the use of song titles to any Junior lucky enough to find anyone who appreciates them.

39. Arlene Lockwood's speed and skill at typewriting is left to those who can acquire it.

40. To Ralph Mitchell, Bill Diamond bequeaths a gavel, a box of aspirin, and a glass of water.

41. To Mr. Blossom, we leave a dozen sharp pencils with which to write out more sessions.

42. We leave the shyness of Edith Goodwin to Clarice Roy.

43. To Virginia Henderson, we leave Hank MacInnes.

44. To Daryll Johnson, we bequeath the charm of Lottie Mioduszewski which won for her the title of "most beautiful."

45. To next year's models for the Girls' Club Style Show we leave more time to display their finery.

46. To Miss Mary McLernon, we extend our appreciation for all the little things she has done for us.

47. To future French students, we leave longer vacations in which to do their French Book Reports.

48. To the Junior Class, the Senior Class leaves its mature views, its keen mental capacity, its polished analytical powers, and its thoroughly developed intellectual abilities.

49. To the Junior Class, the Senior Class, leaves a pair of rose-colored glasses in the hope that even one of them will find the previous item credible.

50. To the Faculty and Advisory Board, we extend our thanks and appreciation for aiding us through our four year journey.

We appoint as executors of this, our last will and testament—Mr. Oliver Sudden, Mr. R. U. Ready, Mr. C. U. Later and direct that they be exempt from giving surety.

In testimony, whereof, we hereunto set our hand and in the presence of three witnesses declare this to be our last will, this fifteenth day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred thirty-nine.

The Class of 1939

On this fifteenth day of June, A. D., 1939, the Class of 1939 of the Saugus High School, Saugus, Massachusetts, signed the foregoing instrument in our presence, declaring it to be their last will: and thereafter as witnesses thereof, we three, at their request, in their presence, and in the presence of each other hereto subscribe our names.

I. Was  
I. Am  
I. Shall Be

Josephine Forti  
Jean Marsh  
Ruth Schiorring



# Who's Who among the Seniors

	Boy	Girl
<i>Most Popular</i>	Frank McCarthy	Sadie Roberts
<i>Best Dressed</i>	Frank McCarthy	Eleanor Foster
<i>Optimist</i>	Wendell Gove	Ruth Irene Wadsworth
<i>Pessimist</i>	Raymond Clark	Barbara Pratt
<i>Handsome</i>	Shurley Hurlbert	Lottie Mioduszewski
<i>Best Dancer</i>	Shurley Hurlbert	Marjorie Lord
<i>Studious</i>	Sidney Woodsum	Cecilia Reiniger
<i>Actor</i>	Joseph Moorehouse	Sadie Roberts
<i>Humorist</i>	Wendell Gove	Marjorie Philbrick
<i>Versatile</i>	Walter Kasabuski	Marjorie Lord
<i>Athlete</i>	Robert Burns	
<i>Conscientious</i>	Sidney Woodsum	Cecilia Reiniger
<i>Bashful</i>	Raymond Clark	Evelyn Mandeville
<i>Favorite Program</i>	Kay Kyser	
<i>Favorite Orchestra</i>	Kay Kyser	
<i>Favorite Actor</i>	Richard Greene	
<i>Favorite Actress</i>	Jeanette MacDonald	



#### SENIOR CLASS ODE

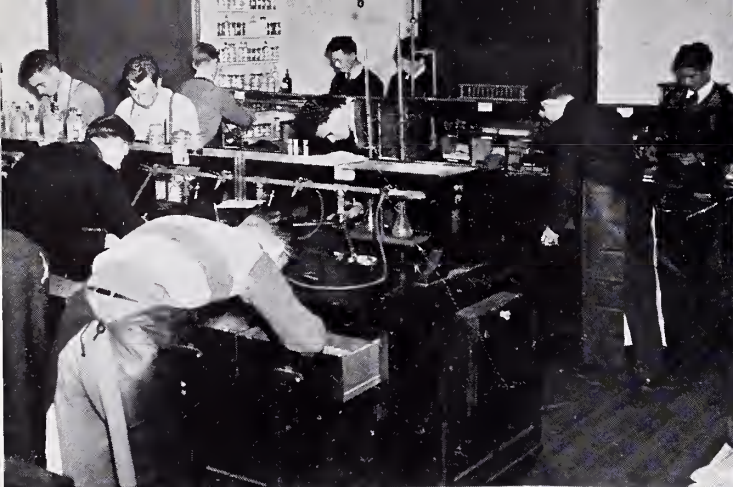
O Saugus High School, Alma Mater.  
Farewell to thee!  
We've sailed together four short years  
Over the restless sea.  
Borne by thee on ocean vast,  
We have arrived at last,  
Moored in thy harbor fast—  
Our praise to thee!

All honor to our Alma Mater;  
Loyal we'll be!  
We would be worthy of the knowledge  
Thou hast rendered free.  
Our Pilot watch tonight,  
Direct us toward the right;  
Burn e'er the guiding light.  
Our praise to thee!

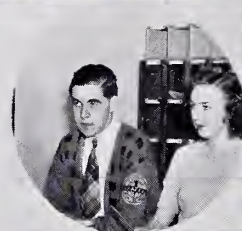
We've worked together, failed, succeeded,  
Through treasured years;  
The torch of learning in our beacon,  
Calming all our fears.  
As we set sail once more,  
Oceans extend before;  
Golden the distant shore—  
Farewell to thee!

Sidney Woodsum





19



39





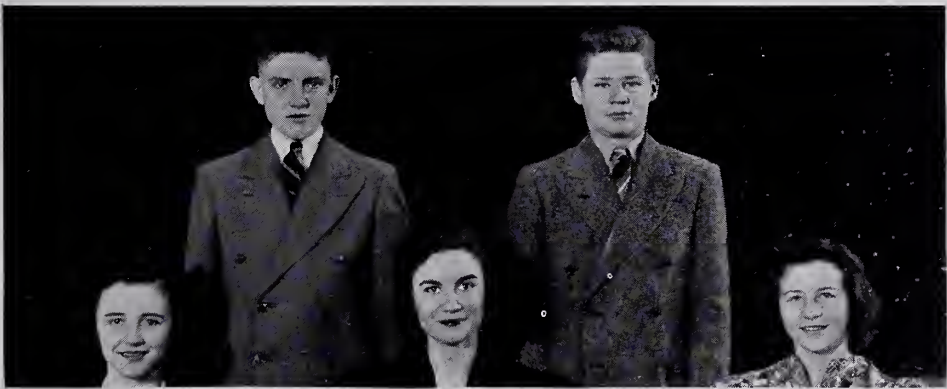
## Junior Class Officers



*Second Row: Widell, Treasurer; Lynch, Vice President*

*First Row: Mitchell, President; Mr. John MacVicar, Advisor; Hatch, Secretary*

## Sophomore Class Officers



*Second Row: Small, President; Ramsdell, Vice President*

*First Row: Leary, Secretary; Miss Ivaloo Small, Advisor; Kimball, Treasurer*

## Freshman Class Officers



*Second Row: Karlson, Secretary; Mr. Earle Chadsey, Jr., Advisor; Gulliford, Treasurer*

*First Row: Pratt, Vice President; Ready, President*



**JUNIOR CLASS**

**C**

**B**



# Junior Story

## The Last Race

"One! Two! Three! Four!", came the steady bark as the small coxswain of the Tipton varsity crew knelt in the stem of the shell, his veins standing out rigidly along his bared neck and arms, the contortions of his face showing the eagerness with which he urged his men onward.

"One! Two! Three! Four!" and Harry Marsh, pulling number three oar, began to feel that slow ache that he knew would spread like a dull burn down his back and through his hard muscular arms. To Harry, it was spirit breaking. He was going out of his last varsity race — in defeat.

His head snapped back. His stroke had been lagging! He must keep time! "One! Two! Three! Four!" the pace was going higher. There was a strained look in the coxswain's eyes that Harry had not seen before. The shell swept around the bend of the river and into the last quarter mile stretch, and still the stroke went up. The coxswain jumped to his feet, forgetting the count. "Two lengths! Two lengths! Pull! Pull! We can win!"

The stroke was rising again. "Thirty; — thirty-five —", he could hear Number One mumbling to the coxswain, and then "Steady." Behind him, Harry could hear the creak and roll of leather slides and weakening oars, then a sudden gasp. In front, he saw two pairs of broad shoulders bowing to swing the long spoonlike oars, and beyond, the wild little coxswain yelling, cheering, crying, and always beating out the stroke with the tiller ropes.

Then he saw it! Just the end of a blue rudder at first, then, out of the corner of his eye, he watched the whole stern of the Benson shell move into his view.

Suddenly he was free from the fatigue of which his body had complained, — the stroke soared to forty, — a madman's pace. It was the other helmsman he could hear screaming now. "Up stroke! Up Stroke! Pull!" The weary crew could not respond: their strength was spent. Harry could see now that he was abreast of Number Four in the other shell. Victory would be theirs!

The man in front of him rolled forward with the stroke. Harry's oar flashed up, struck back, and he lay still between the small runners of his leather stretcher. There was a splintering of wood as the abandoned oar swept back in its lock splitting the blade of Number Four. The shell swung side ways, and leveled in a split second. They were across the finish line!

Harry no longer saw the other shell, not even the small blue rudder. He was tired all at once, — oh, so tired. The oar was gone from his hands and he could feel the cool water rippling about his swollen wrist.

Far off somewhere a monotonous voice was announcing, "Benson — over Tipton, by one-quarter length. Time —" Defeat, — what did it matter? Someone must lose. What did anything matter? Only sleep, — only sleep.

Gloria Solomita '40





B

SOPHOMORE CLASS

C

# Sophomore Story

## Spring Fever

Ken bounded down the stairs, scooped up several school books and stepped out into the cool atmosphere of a bright May morning.

He was absorbed in gazing at the soft, white clouds that were floating overhead, in consequence of which he had several collisions with friends along the way to school. His greatest "bump" came when he nearly caused the unceremonious downfall of Louise Roberts, his girl of the hour. Amid apologies, pant-brushing, blushes, and sighs he finally reached school.

Kenneth, after the opening exercises had been completed, groped his way to the first period English class. Now Ken had studied the night before, but when his teacher asked him to describe Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice," he replied, "Black hair, blue eyes, and . . ."; his voice was lost in a wave of laughter that swept over the room like the onrushing surf upon the shore.

In the corridor, Louise passed him as unconcerned as a leaf in the wind.

During a study period, in which Ken thought he was acquiring great mathematical knowledge by glancing at the pages of a geometry book every little while, he talked in whispers to "Joe" Evans, a pal. Intermittently, Ken would finger an elastic and once or twice, some unsuspecting soul would wince at the sudden smack of a piece of paper in the vicinity of his neck.

Thus the school day passed.

Upon arriving home, he slammed his books on the usual table, scaled his hat to a nearby chair, and proceeded to munch on some doughnuts that his searching fingers found in a jar on the topmost shelf in the pantry.

Ken began to change his clothes very deliberately. He thought of himself as a man without friends, ignored and abused. His time would come, he argued, but when?

The telephone rang with a raucous buzz.

Down the stairs Ken rushed, clad in pants and undershirt, yelling, "I'll get it, Mother." He picked up the receiver hastily and screamed a brutal "Hello!" and the following conversation took place.

"Hello," he shouted again. "Oh, hello," he continued in a much milder tone. "You're sorry Louise? . . . I didn't blame you a bit," he lied. "The show?" (this in a rejuvenated tone). "Ginger Rogers and Bob Taylor in . . . just a minute, Louise."

Ken then spoke to his mother. "Mom, I can go to the show tonight, can't I? . . . The kids? Oh, they can take care of themselves. Oh, Mother," he pleaded. He let forth a howl of anxiety and returned to the phone.

"Louise, folks are going out and someone's got to stay with the twins, the brats.—Tomorrow? You would? Swell! Oh boy! Good-by-ye," he concluded with a heavenly gesture.

"Wahoo!" was all his mother, coming in, could hear as Ken bounded up the stairs a revived soul, a boy with a purpose, a boy with an inspiration, a boy with Spring Fever.

Richard Howland, '41





C

FRESHMAN CLASS

B



# Freshman Story

## "The Land of the Free"

Nina, a mother in war-torn Spain, rose early, carefully cleaned her house and then went into the small garden to weed. She thought longingly of the beautiful grounds of her former home. The war had taken everything from her except her two small sons, Don and Jose. Even her husband Pedro had been taken by the army. He was helping to protect the country which once had been fair and teeming with gayety, but which was now like a living death.

Nina jerked angrily at the weeds that refused to be uprooted; weeds as stubborn as the General who had refused to let Pedro stay home.

Soon her reverie was interrupted by her children returning from school. As they came through the gate, a rumbling noise arose in the distance. Tremulous, she and the boys rushed to the gate. The steady rhythmic tramp told her what she feared had happened. The rebels had come!

Clutching the gate, she prayed fervently for safety. Already the troops had arrived at Senor Felice's gate; soon they would be at her own. By the good Lord, they would not take her boys! She would flee from the advancing forces.

She gathered a few belongings, took the boys by the hand, and started. Through the back way, behind Fernando's shop, through an alley, they hastened. Soon they were out of immediate danger.

Nina had heard of an immigrant boat sailing for America. She determined to secure passage with her meager savings. For days they pressed on through the swamps with its swarms of mosquitoes and slimy mud. The three dared not stop for fear of missing the boat. Nina did not allow herself to think that the sailing might be just a false rumor.

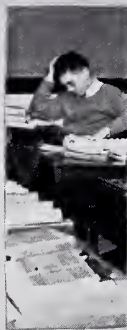
One night, as they pushed on under the silver moon, a figure loomed before them and a voice boomed from the darkness, "Halt!" Nina's heart sank, but then leaped for the voice had a familiar ring to it. As the guard held up the lantern, an exclamation of surprise escaped her lips, "Pedro!" Now he had his arms about her, supporting her and calling her name, and the boys, weak as they were, danced with joy. After the first excitement was over, she learned that he had been stationed here since he had been summoned to arms.

Pedro listened while Nina told of her misfortunes. Recalling the treatment he himself had received since he joined the army, he was torn between his sense of honor, and the desire to accompany his family. After a bitter struggle with himself, he decided that he no longer owed any duty to his country, and determined to go with his wife and children. Packing some supplies, they started out once more. Again they crossed swamp, prairie, and woodland, but with Pedro beside her, Nina was no longer afraid. After surmounting these difficulties, they finally reached the harbor, hastily procured their tickets, and sailed.

Days later, as they steamed into New York harbor, they saw, gleaming in the sun, the Statue of Liberty, emblematic of the liberty they had been seeking for so long. The ship's band saluted their entrance by playing the "Star Spangled Banner." Reverently, Pedro and Nina murmured the words, — "The land of the free and the home of the brave."

Carolyn Warren, '42







# The Freshman Class

The Freshman Class became social-minded during the Christmas holidays and shortly after the vacation held their class election under the direction of their adviser, Mr. Earle Chadsey, Jr. The second step in their organization as a class was the election of home room representatives. Under this plan, each Freshman home room elected one boy and one girl to act as its representatives in class discussions.

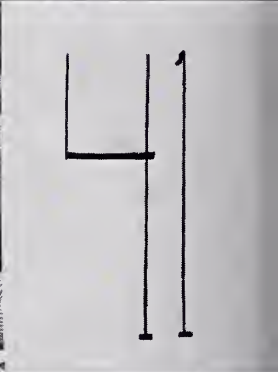
The first meeting of the class of '42 was held in Room 212, March 9, 1939. At this meeting, the officers were introduced and instructions were given concerning parliamentary procedure, which was observed during later meetings.

Worthy of special note was the program presented at one of the class gatherings which included moving pictures of Washington, taken by Mrs. Wiggin, Principal of the Ballard School, and loaned by her to the class of 1942 for this occasion.

This year's Freshman Class has proved itself unusually progressive in that, under the direction of Mr. Gifford, it has organized a club for the members of the Class of 1942 exclusively, known as the Freshman Science Club. A model airplane flying contest, which had been explained previously at an assembly conducted by the Club, was held at the Stadium, under the leadership of the contest chairman, George Hamilton. The other members of the club are: Raymond Howland, William MacCrea, James Amero, George Gerniglia, Lee O'Connor, and Robert Rogers.

Its progress will be rapid if the class carries on with the same spirit it has shown thus far in all its activities.





## The Sophomore Class

After much deliberation, the Sophomore Class first manifested its intention to organize by electing class officers. At the first meeting, held in the Assembly Hall, November 30, 1938, the officers were introduced. The fact that they were amply efficient was demonstrated when, at the close of the meeting it was discovered that the amount of dues had been decided and that home room collectors had been appointed.

On January 11, 1939, the Sophomore Class met again, and with its by now customary dispatch, voted to conduct a "Vic" party. The party was held February 10, 1939, under the chairmanship of Betty Stickney. The many who attended enjoyed entertainment and refreshments, as well as dancing, and since a spirit of cooperation prevailed, the affair was a complete success.

After other meetings and enjoyable programs, the Sophomore Class climaxed its year of activity by their annual outing. The weather, the setting, and those present all cooperated and made this final event an outstanding success.







# The Junior Class

The Junior Class held its first meeting on October 20, 1938, for the purpose of allowing candidates for the various class officers to make campaign speeches prior to the election.

The officers having been duly elected, the second meeting was held on November 8, 1938. At this time, the amount of dues and method of collection was decided upon, and a Ring Committee was chosen to interview various companies and select several rings for the class to vote upon.

On January 6, 1939, the Junior Class held its first social in the Assembly Hall. The affair proved a success in every way. Mr. MacVicar, the adviser of the Class of '40, called a meeting on January 16, 1939, and explained the recently innovated Annual and its purpose. Representatives were elected to the various committees on the Annual.

Encouraged by its initial success in the social world, the Junior Class voted to hold a second social on March 3, 1939, in the Assembly Hall. The affair was well attended, and the guests enjoyed entertainment and dancing.

Among the early activities of the class were the formation of two English Clubs, both under the guidance of Miss Stanhope. Under the officers of the "11-25 Club," President Evangeline Nickole, Vice-President Everett Day, Secretary Lorraine French, and Treasurer Alice Voit, and the officers of the Wehava Club, President Channing Widell, Vice-President Kenneth Merritt, Secretary Maude Clark, and Treasurer James Wilson, the Clubs united in a trip to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and the Gardner Museum. Each organization has also had other activities since its formation, among them beano parties, penny sales, and educational moving-pictures.

The event which lives longest in any Junior's memory is, of course, the Junior Promenade. True to tradition, this year's was as scintillating as had been its predecessors, and was both socially and financially successful. The popular "Top Hatters" orchestra supplied the music for this occasion.

Climaxing their year as an organization, the class held an outing in June at which most of the members were present.

**FRESHMEN**  
**HONOR ROLL EACH TERM**

Leo Ready  
John Thurrell, Jr.

**HONOR ROLL OR CREDIT LIST EACH TERM**

Eleanor Borland	Margaret Duffy	Robert Mills
Mary Braid	Geraldine Foss	Charles Murphy
Paul Brooks	Vincent Glinski	Norma Nelson
Barbara Burns	Vitold Glinski	Eunice Pihl
Ruth Burns	Georgina Gulliford	Catherine Reehill
Bernice Cooke	Priscilla Hallam	Frances Vient
Mary Cronin	Corinne Hayes	Carolyn Warren
John Cunningham	Phyllis Hooper	Claire Wasserboehr
Patricia Duckworth	Lillian Karlson	

**SOPHOMORES**  
**HONOR ROLL OR CREDIT LIST EACH TERM**

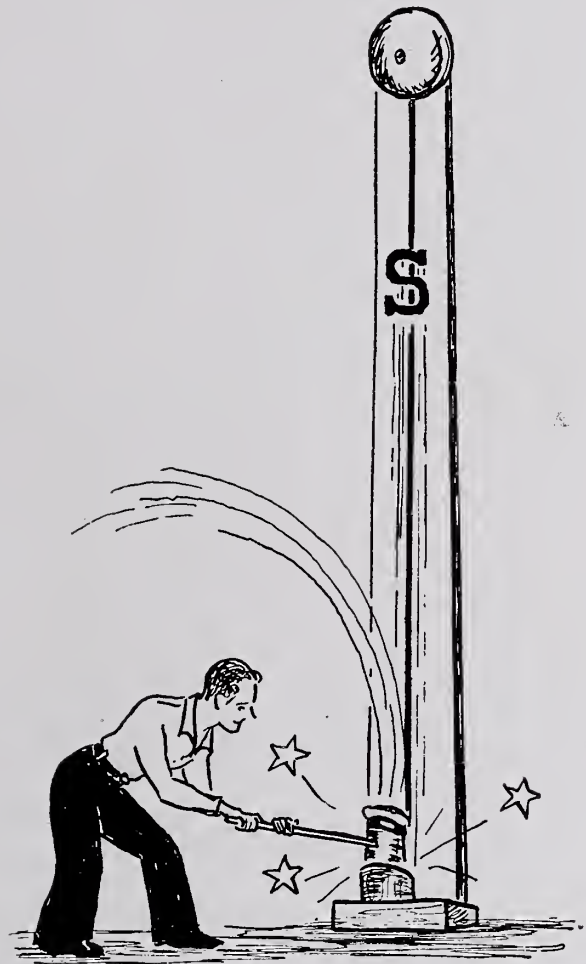
Viola Demaso	Esther Nelson	Leonard Small
Robert Farrell	Hazel Perkins	Adam Wesolowski
Richard Howland	Chadwick Ramsdell	Arnold Young
Lorraine Hutchins	Gloria Robinson	

**JUNIORS**  
**HONOR ROLL EACH TERM**

Dorothy Mandeville

**HONOR ROLL OR CREDIT LIST EACH TERM**

Channing Widell



## Activities



# Focus



*Second Row:* Howland, *Sophomore Reporter*; Wasserboehr, *Art Editor*; Pearce, *Contest Editor*; Mandeville, *Circulation Manager*; Anderson, *Junior Reporter*; Mioduszewski, *Assistant Art Editor*; Schiorring, *Movie Editor*; Lord, *Circulation Manager*; Johnston, *Circulation Manager*; Atkins, *Freshman Reporter*

*First Row:* Kasabuski, *Business Manager*; Philbrick, *Associate Editor*; Wentworth, *Editor-in-Chief*; Miss Hazel Marison, *Advisor*; Mr. Ashton Davis, *Advisor*; Miss Ivaloo Small, *Advisor*; Hanson, *Sports Editor*; Cashen, *Senior Reporter*; Lynch, *Associate Editor*

The *Focus*, the bi-monthly publication of Saugus High School, this year has instituted several new features. Outstanding among these were a hobby page, in which members of the student body with unusual hobbies were given an opportunity to describe them, and a section in which the faculty was interviewed. A library page, entitled "Ex Libris," was incorporated to accord to the students much-needed information regarding great literary works. An "Art Appreciation" page, which portrayed famous paintings, with a short biographical sketch of the artist, was also inaugurated this year.

Among the projects undertaken by the staff was an assembly similar to the Professor Quiz programs. The four officers of the Junior and Senior classes competed. The Juniors proved their superiority, much to the dismay of the upper-classmen.

The activities of the various clubs were recorded, and the "movie-of-the-month" was reviewed and classified. Editorials, class notes, a contest page, a sport section, an exchange page, and one or more pages of cartoons were among the regular features of the *Focus*.

An extensive literary section appeared in each issue, with essays, short stories and poetry from each class.

The untiring efforts of the Sahico Club in assembling and mimeographing the paper, and the cooperation of the student body in contributing material and subscribing to the *Focus*, has made the past year one of signal progress.

## Public Speaking Club



*Second Row:* Chase, Daggett, Small, Ramsdell, Diamond, Lynch, Dahlberg, Leary, Dominie

*First Row:* Craig, Blaisdell, Lumsden, *Vice President*; Mr. Frank Patterson, *Advisor*; Widell, *President*; Roberts, Gibbs

The Public Speaking Club, the first of its kind ever to be formed in Saugus High School, held meetings twice a month throughout this year. The valuable training which the members received was evidenced at the Armistice Day Assembly which the Club presented.

## Traffic Squad



*Third Row:* Russo, McKenna, Nelson, Harrington, March, Frederick, Lumsden, Robert Clark, Raymond Clark

*Second Row:* Taylor, Mitchell, Diamond, Lynch, Cook, Larkin, Blake, Hanson, Kingman, Southard

*First Row:* Kellner, Dole, Dahlberg, Burns, Mr. Charles Harvey, *Advisor*; Mansfield, Cook, Hooper, Bucherie

The Traffic Squad this year was organized by Mr. Charles Harvey. Twenty-five boys from the three upper classes were appointed to act as monitors while the lines were passing. The Squad should be congratulated for the remarkable order in the corridors. It is hoped that the remainder of the student body will do its part and continue to give cooperation to this type of student supervision.

## Orchestra



*Second Row:* Petrillo, Somers, Salsman, Sadon, Smith, Tarbox, Shirley Evans, Wadsworth, Jeanne Anderson, Frank Evans

*First Row:* Frederick, Denley, Sweezy, Miss Elizabeth Goss, *Conductor*; Melcher Anderson, Woodsum, Elderkin

The Orchestra, a small unit consisting mostly of stringed instruments, spent a year which was not spectacular but one of genuine interest for its members.

As a proper conclusion to a year devoted to the study and enjoyment of classical music, the orchestra, with their director, Miss Elizabeth Goss, attended an Esplanade concert.

## Junior Riverside Club



*Second Row:* Alkides, Gerniglia, Mrs. Doyle, *Advisor*; Reiniger, Mrs. Knights, *Advisor*; Johnston, Pendlebury

*First Row:* Melewski, Cashen, Schiorring, *Secretary-Treasurer*; Wentworth, *President*; Philbrick, *Vice President*; Lord, Mandeville

Each year the twelve girls with the highest averages are selected from the Senior Class to form the Junior Riverside Club.

At the monthly meetings at the homes of the club advisers, several prominent speakers addressed the group.

The highlight of the club season was a Mother's and Daughter's Banquet, at which many state officials were present.



## Band



*Fourth Row:* Morse, Spence, Hoffman

*Third Row:* Petrillo, Knights, Dole, Wesolowski, Stuart, Larson, Erickson, Fisher, O'Grady, Huber, Wheaton, Evans

*Second Row:* Lovell, Harmon, Starrett, Mills, Junkins, Joseph Moorehouse, Hahn, Francis Moorehouse, Bowley, Hanlon, Canfield, Curtis

*First Row:* Means, Lundscog, DeVeau, Chabra, Kimball

This year was one of achievement for the Saugus High School Band. Featuring the year's work were concerts held in conjunction with the Amesbury High School Band. The combined forces of the two units held one concert in the Amesbury Town Hall on March 24, and another in the Saugus Town Hall the following week, both of which were presented before capacity audiences.

Another honor was brought to the school by the band on Armistice Day. In the parade at Lynn, a first prize certificate was awarded to this progressive group for its outstanding appearance.

During the fall, the band, aided by an able corps of baton twirlers, added color and diversion to a memorable football season.

Band members Loring Larson and Walter O'Grady were selected to participate in the Music Festival in New Haven, Connecticut this spring.

The prospects for the future of the band are bright as Mr. Donald Hammond, the director, has organized a Junior Band from the ranks of the Junior High students. From this group the Senior Band will find yearly replacements for graduating members. In addition the announcement was made that the Drum and Bugle Corps, organized only this year, would next season be incorporated into the band.

## Glee Club



*Third Row:* MacInnes, Kryzwicki, Hooper, Petrillo, Leander, Frederick, LeBlanc, Goss, Diamond, Lumsden, Kingman, Kellner, Garnett, Melcher, Anderson, Warren, Ray, SanFillippo, Martin, Hoffman, Peach, McKinnon, Rich

*Second Row:* Alkides, Jeanne Anderson, Steele, Austin, Walton, Lord, Cashen, Wentworth, Fiske, McKinnon, McLean, Allen, Wadsworth, Woodfall, French, Clark, Bunker, Roy

*First Row:* Walsh, Pearce, McNulty, Shattuck, Stowell, Mosher, Miss Elizabeth Goss, *Conductor*; Baker, Glazier, Glennon, McCullough, Salsman, Wasserboehr

In this, its second year of organization, the Glee Club made great strides under the direction of Miss Elizabeth Goss, music supervisor.

The Christmas season witnessed the first innovation. On Christmas night, with the gaily lighted school as a background, the entire Glee Club met at the front entrance to sing carols. Trombonist Walter O'Grady, temporarily borrowed from the band, lent his services to this occasion.

The climax and product of the year's work was, of course, the operetta. It is a tribute to the spirit of this organization that all the costumes used in the production were made by the members themselves.

The leads in "Riding Down the Sky" were played by Ruth Fiske and Welcome Goss. The plot of the operetta concerns three flying Americans who have engine trouble and are forced down in the trouble-ridden kingdom of Hermosa. There is a revolution and the Americans find oil by chance when the waterworks are blown up. The King of Hermosa is about to be banished but the Americans turn the profits of the oil discovery over to the King who is then able to pay his army and avoid exile. The happy ending is complete when the King's daughter marries one of the Americans.

## Girls' Club



*Second Row:* Means, Wasserboehr, Fiske, Swanson, Wadsworth

*First Row:* Hayes, *Treasurer*; Baker, *Secretary*; Miss Bernice Hayward, *Advisor*;  
Miss Ruth Motherwell, *Advisor*; Wentworth, *President*; Anderson,  
*Vice President*

The Saugus High School Girls' Club, whose three years of outstanding success have amply justified its existence, was formed for the purpose of developing the girls "mentally, morally, socially, and physically." At its monthly meetings, interesting and educational programs were presented. Every Saugus High School girl is automatically a member of the Club and is privileged to attend its meetings and social functions.

The speakers presented this year were Rev. William Rose of the First Universalist Church of Lynn; Mr. Harry F. Cade, of the Berkeley Preparatory School; Mrs. Tony Garofano of Lynn; Miss Miriam Cameron of the Bishop-Lee School of Dramatic Art; Mrs. John Hollis of Swampscott; and Dr. James H. Strong of the Strong Hospital, Boston. Other programs presented were a motion picture of life at the Russell Sage College of Nursing, and a style show by Filene's of Boston.

The principal social event of the Girls' Club was the Christmas Dance, which increases in popularity with each succeeding year. This most successful event was attended by approximately two hundred couples. This affair was the only means of raising revenue used by the Girls' Club this season.

A new service undertaken by the members of the Girls' Club was the supervision of the girls' coatroom, innovated to check the loss of articles.

The organization has proved to be not only popular with the girls, but also beneficial to a marked degree.



## Boys' Club



*Second Row:* Francis Moorehouse, Mitchell, Hurlbert, Goss, Popp

*First Row:* Atkins, *Treasurer*; Green, *Vice President*; Mr. Bernard Friberg, *Advisor*;  
Mr. Charles Harvey, *Advisor*; Joseph Moorehouse, *President*;  
Anderson, *Secretary*

The Boys' Club of Saugus High School was established by Mr. Charles W. Harvey, in February 1939, with the intent of stimulating a more enthusiastic athletic spirit among the boys.

Candidates for offices in the Boys' Club were selected by a nominating committee, and a cabinet, consisting of boys representative of the four classes, was elected early in March.

The Club met every month from February onward. At the first assembly, the purpose of the organization was set forth by Mr. Harvey. The formation of a tennis club was urged by Mr. Gifford, who offered instruction to as many as were interested in the sport; Mr. Chadsey commented on the progress of the Ski Club; and Mr. Harvey delivered an informal talk on football.

At the April meeting, motion pictures were shown of the past season's outstanding collegiate football games.

Under the efficient management of the Club, a highly successful basketball game and dance was held in the Community House for the benefit of injured football players. This worthy affair was the first social event sponsored by the organization.

Because of the interest shown in the Club, and the advantages which are indicated by the increased participation in school athletics the Boys' Club has become an established organization in Saugus High School.

## Student Council



*Third Row:* Bean, Stuart, Thomas, Pitman, Wesolowski, Cronin, Thurrell  
*Second Row:* Borys, Moorehouse, Fletcher, Shepherd, Lynch, Phillips, Atkins, Ramsdell  
*First Row:* Eaton, Baker, Schierring, Mr. Walter Blossom, *Advisor*; McCarthy, Johnson, Johnston

The Student Council, the student government organization of Saugus High School, completed its second year of existence in June. The primary duty of the Student Council members is to take charge of the collections and membership of the Student Activity. Each home room elects one delegate to the Student Council, while the Study Hall elects three representatives. It is the duty of the delegate to keep a record of the members of the Student Activity and the dues they pay. Alternates are also elected in proportion to the delegates, to take the place of the representative if he should be absent.

Any student who has a suggestion for an improvement for the school or a complaint of the working of any department may, through his delegate, present his query to the Council, where it will be dealt with according to its merits.

This year, the Council held but one meeting, when it elected officers and decided the method of collection of Student Activity dues for the coming year.

The Lost and Found Department, innovated by the Student Council has done valuable work throughout the year in recovering misplaced articles.

The Council has proved to be a popular department due to the fact that its formation gave the students their first opportunity to have a voice in the administration of school affairs. Increased efficiency and more cooperation between the student body and the faculty have resulted from the efforts of the Council.

## Sahico Club



*Third Row:* Philip Bean, Johnston, Lockwood, Crockford, Melewski, Hanson, Berry,  
Lord, Forti, Mandeville, Platt, Carter, Gillis  
*Second Row:* Laats, Almquist, Goodwin, Campbell, Dardginski, LeBlanc, Kusch,  
Gallagher, Baker, Tirrell, Somers, Demaso, Doherty, Kasabuski  
*First Row:* Doucette, Godett, Bunker, Delaney, Wallace, Miss Hazel Marison,  
*Advisor;* Phyllis Bean, Pendlebury, Madden, Bethel, Frederick

The Sahico Club, one of the oldest organizations in Saugus High School, derives its unique name from the first two letters of each word in "Saugus High Commercial," fitting since the Club is composed solely of senior commercial students. Under the guidance of Miss Hazel Marison, head of the Commercial Department, the members assemble and mimeograph each issue of the "Focus," and do miscellaneous stenographic work for the school. The members of the club undertook the task of obtaining the advertisements for the Annual, which not only contributed to the success of the book, but aided the students in obtaining useful experience in the science of business.

Regular meetings, at which the business of the club was transacted, were held monthly.

Social affairs were sponsored at various intervals during the school year. Outstanding among these was an unusual party held in May, to which the members brought their diversified hobbies. The club climaxed its year's activities by an outing in June.

The members have gained valuable experience in the practical arts of business by observing the tangible problems of business administration.

The organization this year proved to be the largest in the history of the school. By the example it has set, the Sahico Club has demonstrated that business can be successfully combined with pleasure.



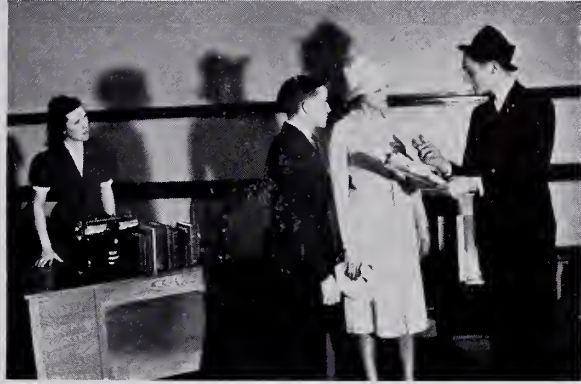
## Senior Play

A capacity audience attended the Senior Play, "Little Jimmie Jones," presented at the Town Hall, March 10, 1939.

"Jimmie," played by Joseph Moorehouse, with the aid of his girl-friend "Polly Prescott," played by Sally Roberts, evoked much laughter by his attempts to achieve fame through nerve and publicity rather than ability.

Those who completed the cast include: Ruth Schiorring as *Mrs. James Jones*; Sidney Woodsum as *James Jodrell Jones, Sr.*; Dorothy Cashen as *Mrs. Prescott*; Frank McCarthy as "*Biff*" *Bingham*; Harold MacInnes as "*Stuff*" *Shaw*; Olive Stevens as "*Cuddles*" *Cameron*; Eleanor Foster as "*Gabby*" *Garfield*; Marjorie Lord as *Mrs. Dora Davenport*; Helen Hayes as *Gladys Glamour*; Shurley Hurlbert as *Vandyke Vanhorn*; and Lottie Mioduszewski as "*Newsie*" *Newman*.

The coaching by Miss Alice Sisco, and the aid given by Property Managers, Charles Southard, Wendell Gove, Ruth Fiske, Ruth Wasserboehr, and Andrea Pearce; Costume Mistress, Virginia Bradley; and Stage Manager, Walter Kasabuski all contributed to the success of the play.



## Dramatic Club

The Dramatic Club was organized by Miss Alice Sisco in September, with an initial enrollment of over fifty members. Since its formation, the club has proved a benefit, not only to the participating members, but to the entire school.

Semi-monthly meetings were held, at which the members presented readings and one-act plays.

At a Christmas assembly, several members appeared in a playlet entitled "Christmas Destiny."

Miss Miriam Cameron, of the Bishop-Lee School of Dramatic Art, entertained the group with readings, and Mr. A. Davis of the faculty delivered a unique talk on the art of stage makeup, which carried through two of the meetings.



Second Row: Woodward, *Vice President*; Clark, *Treasurer*  
First Row: Leary, *Secretary*; Miss Alice Sisco, *Advisor*;  
Roberts, *President*

# The National Honor Society

Saugus High School this year took a most important step forward toward scholastic attainment, when it established a chapter of the National Honor Society. The purpose of the Society is to stimulate scholarship, leadership, service, and character in its members. In order to join the Chapter, a pupil must have not only an average of at least eighty-five per cent, but must also be of high character, and have a sense of responsibility toward his school and his community. The Society is limited to members of the Sophomore, Junior, and Senior classes.

## Members

### Seniors

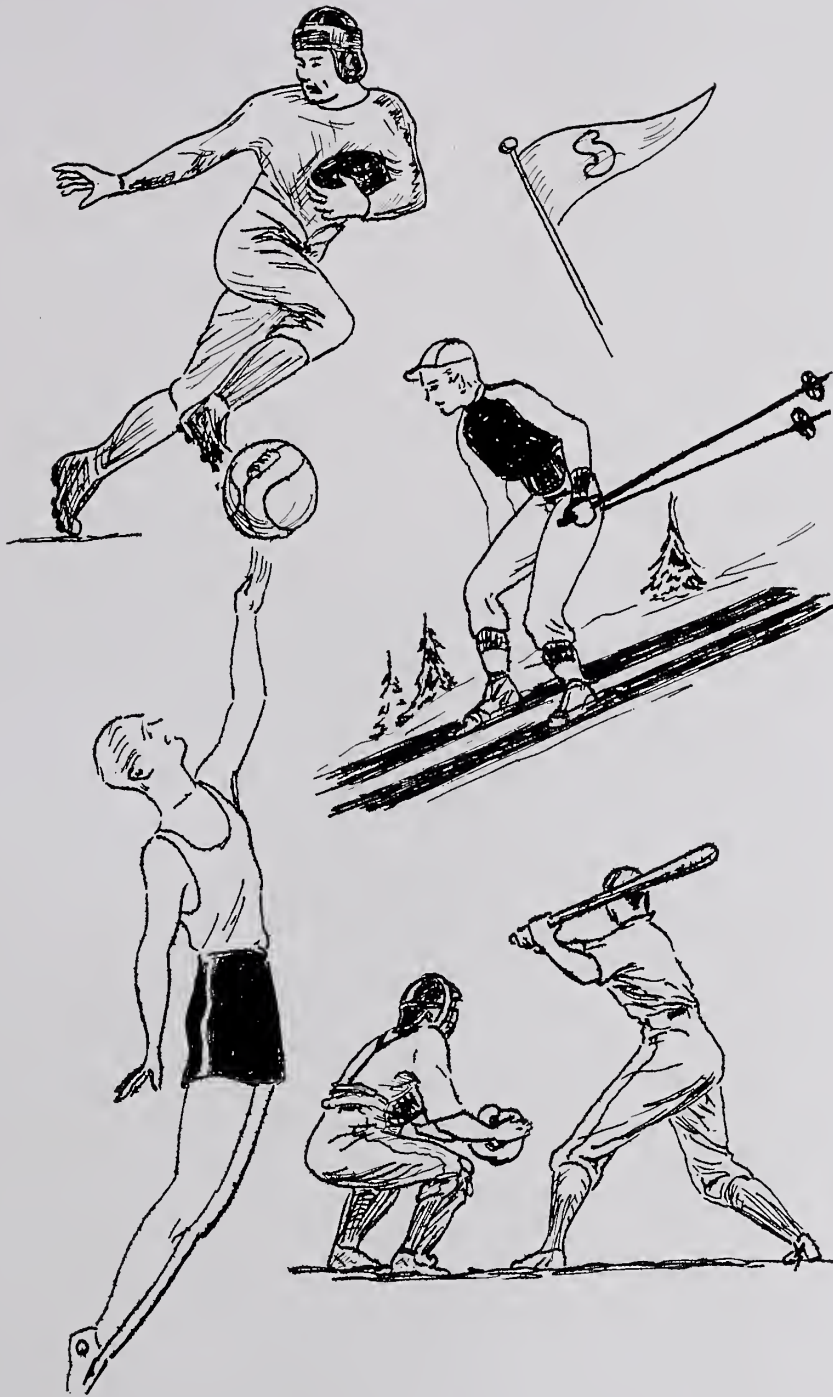
Philip Bean	Charlotte Hanson	Barbara Pendlebury
Ruth Berry	Symonne Humphries	Marjorie Philbrick
Miriam Bunker	Muriel Johnston	Cecilia Reiniger
Lillian Campbell	Walter Kasabuski	Ruth Schiorring
Mildred Carter	Alta Kusch	Beatrice Tirrell
Dorothy Cashen	Edward Laats	Ruth Irene Wadsworth
Irene Delaney	Marjorie Lord	Ruth Wasserboehr
Dorothy Drown	Evelyn Mandeville	Virginia Wentworth
Maria Faragi	Jean Marsh	Blanche Woodfall
Josephine Forti	Blanche Melewski	Sidney Woodsum
Mary Gerniglia	Andrea Pearce	

### Juniors

Jeanne Anderson	Robert Robinson
Patricia Cotting	Helen Rounds
Mildred Grimes	Clarice Roy
Loring Larson	Eleanor Swanson
Dorothy Mandeville	Norman Thomas

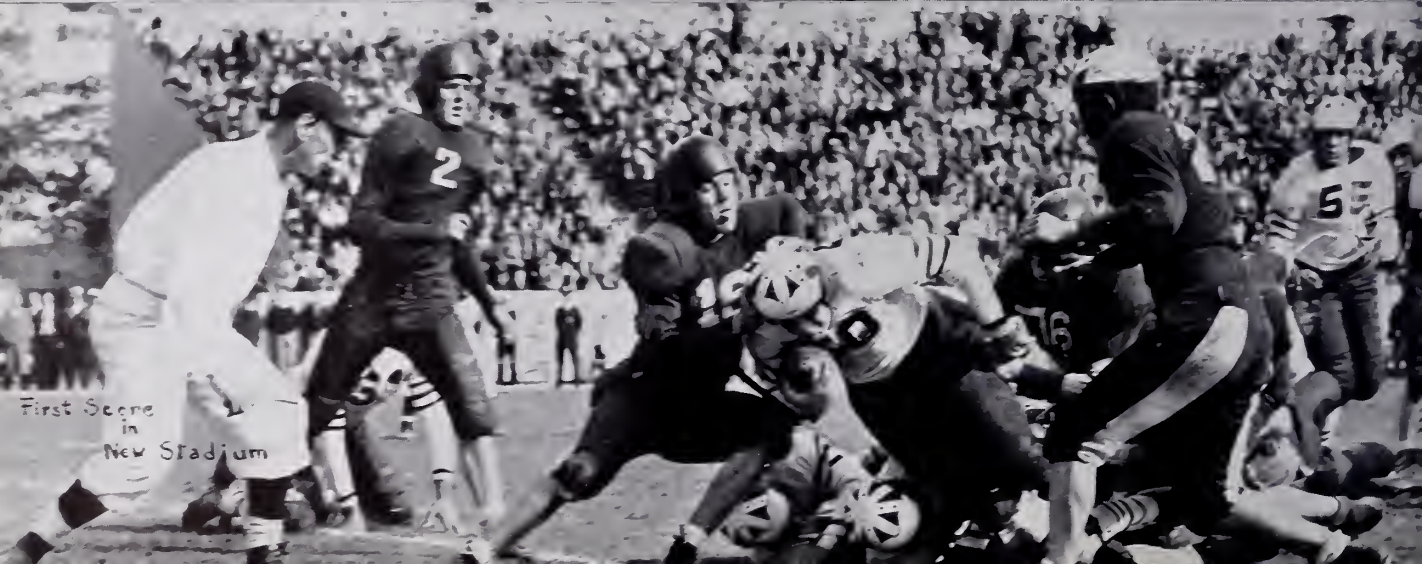
### Sophomores

Melcher Anderson	Gertrude Lynch
Viola Demaso	Chadwick Ramsdell
Richard Howland	Mathybel Somers



Athletics







# Football Folio of the 1938-1939 Season

The dedication of the Saugus Memorial Stadium at Stackpole's Field, on Friday, September 16, 1938, preceded a defeat-studded, yet none the less brilliant season.

Governor Charles F. Hurley, chief guest of the day, introduced the afternoon's festivities by a flag-raising ceremony. Among the prominent officials present were Congressman Lawrence J. Connery, and several members of local administrative boards.

More than 5000 people gathered to witness the dedication of the new stadium which is henceforth to be the center of all Saugus sporting activities.

The opening game was played at Fulton Stadium in Medford. As Medford is a class "A" team and Saugus of class "C" rating, no one expected Saugus to win. In losing, however, the battling Sachems played a far better game than their opponents. "Bob" Burns, crashing time and time again through the center of Medford's line, starred throughout but failed to score. Medford 13, Saugus 0.

The next game resulted in defeat in every sense of the word. A thousand Sachem fans journeyed to Amesbury to see Saugus get on the victory trail, but were saddened to see their team play an unexplainably poor brand of football. Frequent fumbles interrupted the few worthwhile advances Saugus could make. Amesbury 12, Saugus 0.

Undismayed by previous defeats, the Sachems regained confidence from Coach "Buzz" Harvey's backfield replacements in the game with Melrose, another class "A" team which hadn't been defeated in over a year. The day came and 6,000 Sachem and Melrose fans poured into the new tepee. The Sachems played brilliant football, reeling off startling plays that delighted the vast crowd and baffled the so-called razzle-dazzle Melrose team. Throughout the game, Alvin Riley's and "Joe" Bucherie's defensive alertness did much to stop Melrose drives. "Bob" Burns, the power house behind "Buzz" Harvey's Buzz-Saws, gained 8 to 10 yards at a gallop and made the initial score in the new stadium. "Mike" Harrington, young Sophomore back, played his best game of the season. His run of 78 yards on the Melrose kick-off after they tied the score at 6 to 6 was only yards short of a touchdown and then, after a Saugus fumble, "Mike" intercepted a pass to run 24 yards for a score and the winning margin. In the last few minutes of the game, Saugus made a strategical move by giving Melrose 2 points on a safety to move the ball from Saugus territory. Saugus 12, Melrose 8.

The next game was a disappointment to Saugus followers. The Sachems, hampered by illness and the slippery surface of the Marblehead field, met defeat at the hands of a fast and hard-hitting band of opportunists. On two occasions laterals proved disastrous for Saugus when Marblehead intercepted and ran them back for touchdowns. Marblehead 20, Saugus 0.



*Third Row:* Stewart, Manager; Pratt, Clark, Warren, Mansfield, Flaherty, Duffy, Vatcher

*Second Row:* Caffarella, Hurlbert, Wilson, Bucherie, Pitman, Dill, Riley, Merrithew, Coffill

*First Row:* Mr. Charles Harvey, Coach; Harrington, Green, Demaso, Hanson, Captain; Hooper, Burns, Derderian, Mr. Nicholas Morris, Ass't Coach

Woburn, the next opponent, was completely overpowered by the eager Sachems. Burns, again at fullback, scored two touchdowns, while Popp and Demaso each scored one. Ray Mansfield, who played for the first time at Marblehead when Wilson was injured, was the only player to remain on the Gridiron every minute of play, recovering two fumbles as a part of his afternoon's work. Saugus 26, Woburn 0.

Maintaining their victory habit, the Sachems routed Newburyport on the following Saturday. It was Saugus from the start when Hooper ran the opening kick-off back 15 yards. Once again Burns went on a rampage. Called back once for an off-side after a run which brought him from mid-field to the end zone, he later had his revenge when he ripped and tore his way to three scores on runs from mid-field or better. Equally thrilling was the second period touchdown pass made from Demaso to Popp. Popp outran the enemy secondary to snare the pass on about the enemy 40 and then sped to a score without a hand touching him. Saugus 26, Newburyport 0.

The following week ushered in the game of the year, the annual Gloucester-Saugus combat. Arriving in royal fashion, the Gloucester fans rode into town on a special train of seven cars. The Sachem's hope of victory received a severe setback when Albert and the Cucurru brothers, ably assisted by left-end Pino, marked up three first half scores. In the second half, however, Saugus fought Gloucester to a standstill. Gaining on an exchange of kicks, the fisherman pushed their way to their final score. On the following kick-off, Burns uncorked the most sensational play of the season by scooping up the ball on his 20 and racing down





the right sideline for a score. Captain Earl Hanson kicked the point after and this, added to the points garnered on a safety when Albert was caught in his own end zone, brought the Saugus total to 9. Encouraging, even in defeat, was the line play of "Ernie" Derderian, "Del" Pitman, "Jim" Duffy, and Woodrow Dill. Gloucester 26, Saugus 9.

The arrival of the Swampscott game brought forth another victory for Saugus. The game was only a few minutes old when Popp made an end sweep and went over for the only touchdown of the game. After this, despite a total of fifteen first downs, Saugus was unable to score again except for two points on a safety. Outstanding in this game was "Stan" Green, lanky left end. Saugus 8, Swampscott.

The Plymouth game was played in a modern reproduction of the deluge. A thousand loyal fans braved the downpour to see this battle on an ocean of mud. The well drilled Pilgrims scored first when, apparently disregarding the weather conditions, they executed a long pass, good for a touchdown. The play from this point was confined for the most part to straight line plunges. After a long uphill fight, Saugus scored two touchdowns and one point after, all on short bucks by Burns, to emerge the victor. The play of underclassmen Flaherty and Warren, who saw more action than usual because of the absence of several injured linemen, was very impressive. Saugus 13, Plymouth 7.



The Saugus-Danvers was the typical closely fought battle between these Thanksgiving foes. The first half was a punting duel. In the second half, the teams unleashed their attacks but no scores were forthcoming. Burns, under the watchful eyes of the alert Danvers team had little chance to score. Demaso finally found a vulnerable spot in their defense, and tricked the secondary to score the only touchdown of the game, in the third period. Saugus 6, Danvers 0.

#### FOOTBALL RECORD FOR 1938

Saugus	0	Medford	13
Saugus	0	Amesbury	12
Saugus	12	Melrose	8
Saugus	0	Marblehead	20
Saugus	26	Woburn	0
Saugus	26	Newburyport	0
Saugus	9	Gloucester	26
Saugus	8	Swampscott	0
Saugus	13	Plymouth	7
Saugus	6	Danvers	0

#### FOOTBALL SCHEDULE FOR 1939

September	23	At Medford,
September	30	Cambridge Latin
October	7	At Melrose
October	14	At Amesbury
October	21	At Woburn
October	28	At Wakefield
November	4	At Gloucester
November	11	At Swampscott
November	18	Marblehead
November	25	Open
November	30	At Danvers



# Baseball



*Second Row:* Churchill, Caffarella, Walkey, Small, Oliver

*First Row:* Mitchell, Searles, Nagle, Harrington, Demaso, Porter, Hurlbert

Baseball's scheduled opening was considerably delayed by Winter's reluctance to leave. This, however, did not chill the enthusiasm of the battery, for they worked out daily in the basement of the school.

When the elements relented enough to allow the squad to go outdoors, new uniforms were issued. The general color scheme of red and white was retained but the maroon shade of past years was replaced by red of a much lighter tone. Coach "Bernie" Friberg was complimented by the squad not only on the appearance but also on the comfort of the uniforms he had selected.

Returning veterans were Harrington at shortstop, Searles catching, and Demaso and Mitchell pitching.

Newcomers prominent in early practices were Porter and Walkey pitching, Nagle at second, Small at first, Hurlbert at third, and Burke in centerfield.

## BASEBALL SCHEDULE FOR 1939

April 28	Woburn at Woburn	May 23	Danvers at Danvers
May 3	Wakefield at Saugus	May 26	St. John's High at Saugus
May 5	Lynn Classical at G. E. Field	May 27	Peabody at Saugus
May 9	Swampscott at Swampscott	May 31	Swampscott at Saugus
May 11	Chelsea at Saugus	June 2	Wakefield at Wakefield
May 12	St. John's High at St. John's High	June 5	Rockport at Saugus
May 17	Peabody at Peabody	June 6	Lynn Classical at Saugus
May 22	Rockport at Rockport	June 9	Danvers at Saugus
		June 16	Chelsea at Chelsea



# Cheerleaders



*Second Row: Woodward, Johnson, Harding, Drown, Doherty  
First Row: Hatch, Roberts, Smith*

Undismayed by the unprecedented crowds and surroundings of a new stadium, one of Saugus' best cheering sections maintained a uniform spirit through a football season replete with sun and rain, victories and defeats.

This report would be incomplete without mention of the new red uniforms which had SAUGUS printed in white letters on the back of the jackets and a white stripe on each side of the slacks.

In a slight reversal of position, we lead the student body in a rousing cheer for the cheering squad.

# Ski Club



*Second Row: Frederick, Secretary; Entwistle, Vice President*

*First Row: Kasabuski, President; Mr. Earle Chadsey, Jr., Advisor; Coulman, Treasurer*

The Ski Club, organized by Mr. Earle Chadsey during the fall of 1938, was formed in order to acquaint students of Saugus High School with the more definite and intricate fundamentals of skiing, and to fill the needs of instruction in this fast growing winter sport. The club was appropriately named the "Sno-Scorchers." Response in the school was so great that the total membership of the club mounted to above one hundred.

During the year, Mr. Chadsey gave many lessons on the art of "stemming" and the various "stem" turns. More advanced members were given instruction on the "Tyrolean" method of skiing and the various "jump" and "tempo" turns. Many members took advantage of vacation weeks to join Mr. Chadsey in excursions to such well-known ski centers as Mount Pero and Tuckerman's Ravine.

Some of the nearby sites at which the "Sno-Scorcher" practiced are Mount Hood, Melrose; Kiley's Hill, Melrose; Unity Camp, Saugus; Breakheart Reservation, North Saugus; and many other anonymous hills on which there had accumulated snow enough to allow favorable skiing.

The opportunities offered by this new organization have made it a truly worthy one and Mr. Chadsey should be commended for his enthusiastic guidance.



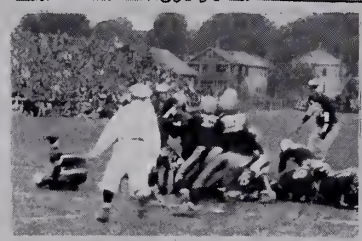
Saugus Triumphs



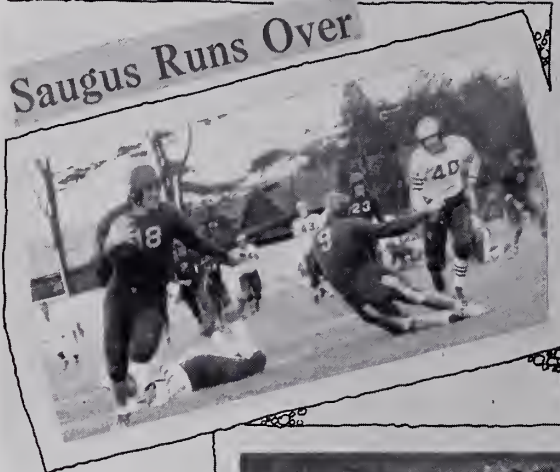
SAUGUS BEATS



1938



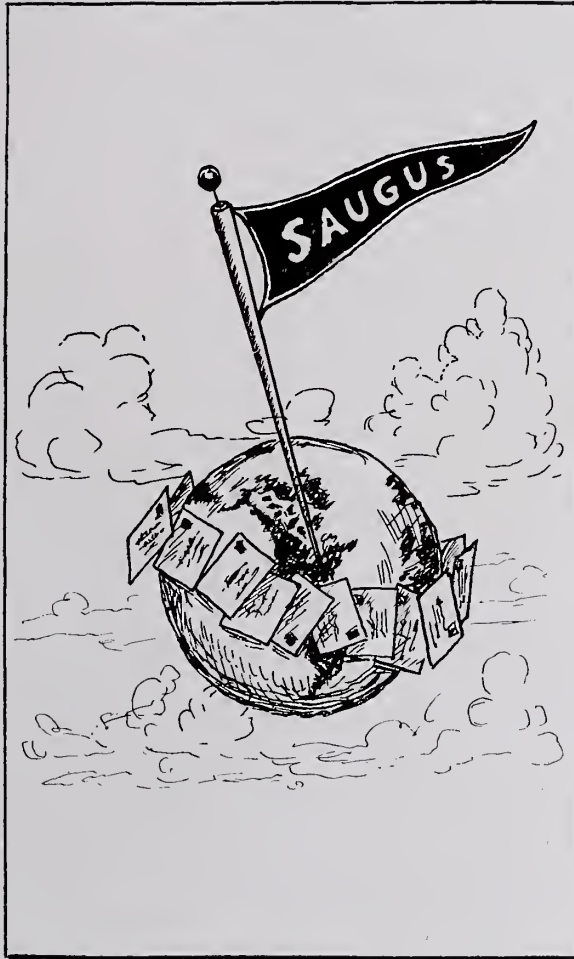
Saugus Runs Over



Saugus Buzz Saws







## Features

# Feature Section

The following section of the "Tontoquonian" is devoted to letters and literary contributions from the alumni of Saugus High School, and to short stories, essays, and poems of the student body.

It is our sincere hope that as Annuals and years go by, future staffs will keep and expand our idea of making this a section in which undergraduates and alumni may exchange letters of both literary and social nature.

Introductory to this section, to refresh the memory of older graduates and to sketch for the younger graduates and undergraduates the story of their school, we present—

## The History of Saugus High School

Early in 1872, the Saugus town fathers recognized the pressing need for better educational facilities for their children, with the result that April of that year found a High School being opened with all due formality. This first High School, which had a total attendance of twenty-two pupils, was located in the Town Hall building, now the American Legion Hall, on the present site of the Roby School. The location was changed within five years to occupy three rooms of the newly-erected Town Hall, which still stands in its original capacity on Central Street.

The school advanced quietly until the 1890-1900 decade. As that era opened, Saugus High School was imbued with a spirit of progress. Upon looking through the reports of the school committee of that period, we find that in 1891, for the first time a motto was adopted by the senior class. The motto chosen was, "The end is not yet." In the 1894 report there is a recommendation by the Superintendent that the use of the slate and sponge be discontinued and that paper and pencils be substituted. In the 1896 report we find a note that the seating capacity was fifty-four. Also in 1896, a four year high school course was instituted.

In the spring of 1897, culminating this period of unusual activity, the High School was again moved, this time to occupy several rooms of the new Roby School building. The High School continued to grow, until it became apparent to the townspeople that a building should be erected to accommodate the higher grades exclusively. Accordingly, the present High School was erected at the junction of Winter and Central Streets. The new structure, which was ready for occupancy in 1906, was comprised of eight classrooms, a chemical and physical laboratory, and an assembly hall. The school flourished in its new location. In 1910, two innovations marked its rapid growth. The first was the abolishment of three year diplomas; the second was the establishment of the first hundred dollar scholarship by Mr. Ernest L. Noera. In 1916, an addition to the High School was made to accommodate the ever-increasing attendance, and in 1932, a second addition was built and devoted, for the most part, to the seventh and eighth grades.

As we review the history of the school, we have a right to feel proud of its growth and hopeful that it will never cease to grow.

## Senior Story---“Grandma Sticks By The Guns”

In the days when General Gage was enforcing the Intolerable Acts in Boston, there lived a gray-haired old lady patriot, affectionately known to the villagers as “Grandma” Larcom. Her trim little cottage just outside of the city, where she lived with her grandson, was a haven of peace to her troubled neighbors; for during that period, a spirit of unrest hovered over Boston. There was a tenseness in the air, but while others anxiously waited and watched, Grandma was calmly rocking and knitting.

“Oh, Grandma, how can you sit there and knit at a time like this?” asked a neighbor rather impatiently one day. The old lady simply smiled and said, in a matter-of-fact tone, “Well, if our boys have to fight, they’ll need some woolen socks, won’t they?”

On the morning of April 18, 1775, the little old lady’s grandson, a staunch patriot, who belonged to a company of Yankee minutemen, stored a supply of firearms and ammunition in the cellar of the cottage. Grandma’s home was chosen because the British would not readily suspect an old woman to be concealing arms.

That night Grandma was awakened by the sound of horses’ hoofs and men’s voices. Hurrying down stairs, she beheld her grandson oiling his gun and adjusting his uniform.

“Robert, where are you going?” she questioned.

“To join the minutemen, Grandma,” he answered excitedly, “the Redcoats are coming!”

“Do be careful, Robert,” she pleaded.

“Don’t worry about me. I’ll be back for the ammunition tomorrow night. Don’t let anything happen to it.” With these words, he disappeared into the darkness.

Left alone, Grandma picked up her candle and anxiously peered out into the night. The noise had died away, and all was still. She examined a pair of heavy socks which she had started for Robert. She sat knitting and rocking, while the clock ticked away the hours.

Early the next morning a neighbor’s little boy came to the door with an invitation for Grandma to accept the protection of his parents’ home. “No, Tim” she told him, “thank your father and mother for their kindness, but I am perfectly safe here.” To herself, she thought, “I must stay and guard the ammunition. Our men will need it.”

After the child had gone, Grandma took up her knitting again, pausing at intervals to rest her eyes. While her needles were clicking, her mind was busy also. Finally, she arose and went to the cellar.

Next day, in the early afternoon, two English soldiers stopped at Grandma Larcom’s door. Most of the British Regiment had gone on to Lexington, but General Gage had instructed some of his men to search every building in and around Boston for hidden firearms.

When Grandma heard their knock, she smiled to herself, thinking of her strategy, opened the door, and before they could speak, she exclaimed sympa-



thetically, "Oh, you poor boys, you look tired out. Do come in and have a cup of tea."

"Of course," she continued with a smile, as she led the way inside, "it won't be very good tea. His Majesty forces us to make our own." The men were surprised that their hostess dare speak against the king in the presence of two of his loyal subjects, but, in spite of themselves, they admired her courageous spirit. While the two soldiers drank their tea, Grandma resumed her work on Robert's socks, and kept her visitors so entertained that they almost forgot their errand.

As they rose from the table, one soldier said, "I'm sorry, Madam, but we must search the house. General's orders."

"Why, go right ahead," Grandma Larcom consented graciously, "but you are only wasting your time."

The soldiers immediately descended the narrow, rickety steps to the cellar. Grandma chuckled softly and gave the old clock on the wall a wise, meaning look.

Her eyes were bent intently on her work when the men returned to the kitchen half an hour later, after searching the little house from top to bottom. Had they been at all acquainted with the art of knitting, they might have noticed that there was something peculiar about the socks that were rapidly shaping under Grandma's deft fingers. If they had been observing, they also might have wondered why their hostess was rocking and knitting as vigorously as though her life depended on it.

"Nothing here, Bill," remarked one of the searchers. "We've gone over every inch, inside and out, and haven't found a thing." They both bade the little old lady a cordial farewell and left.

About an hour later, Grandma Larcom carefully pried out the nails from the two boards in the floor on which her rocking chair always rested. Beneath these boards lay five large rifles. Fumbling through her large balls of yarn, Grandma brought forth several individual bullets. From each foot of the unfinished socks she took a small pouch of gunpowder. Two more were hidden in the depths of her knitting bag. She gathered all these supplies and stored them in the cellar, ready for Robert and the minutemen when they needed them.

At nightfall Robert, followed by half a dozen Yankee soldiers, rushed into the kitchen calling anxiously, "Grandma, are you all right? I heard that the Redcoats had been here."

"Of course I am, Robert," was the response from the rocking chair where Grandma sat quietly with her knitting.

"And look," she added triumphantly, holding up her work, "I have finished your socks."

Evelyn Mandeville

# NIGHT MUST COME

by George E. Sprague

ILLUSTRATED BY STEPHEN GROUT

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

**C**URSED ONE'S lash brought Hao-jan awake and standing. Stolidly he took up his burden, joined the shuffling line of silent coolies who moved like ants in and out of the bowels of the great ship.

He labored on. He must eat for he must live. He must live for the night.

Lieutenant Mutsu, whom the coolies called Cursed One, hated his task. His mind was far off to the South. Why, he thought, why should he be left here to drive coolies? Had he not fought well?

Viciously, he lashed out at the nearest coolie. Hao-jan bent beneath the blow and stumbled on, praying to his ancestors that night might come, and soon.

"These are bullets we carry," said the coolie behind Hao-jan, "bullets for the soldiers in the North, bullets for our own people to catch in their breasts and carry to their graves."

At dusk Hao-jan joined the line of coolies who passed by the Cursed One to receive a few coins for their day's labor.

He thought of sleeping, but his sturdy legs hurried him away.

Mentally, he identified the feast whose delicious odors came to his nostrils from expensive eating places. But it was only a bowl of cold rice he purchased in a narrow alley. He ate hurriedly, then continued on his way. No man pursued him but he looked behind him often. Once he slowed his swift trot and seemed to be going nowhere. That was when he saw the soldiers.

Their rifles held ready, steel helmets on their heads, the Little Men marched warily through the street. The natives' shrill chatter was stilled.

"It is night, but death will find you," Hao-jan told them, silently.

An hour later he halted before a low door in a warehouse wall. The alley was silent and empty. Quickly, lightly, he knocked.

"The night has come," he whispered when the slide opened and eyes peered into his.

"What comes with the night?" asked a voice.

"To some men glory and to others death," droned Hao-jan. "Night is for many things."

The door opened for but an instant. Hao-jan, the coolie, had knocked. Hao-jan, the soldier, passed the threshold.

"You have brought something for

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional \$1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1938; \$500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of \$100 each for the five next best.



the cause?" asked the personage who sat at the table.

Hao-jan counted his coins into the bench.

"The gifts of the many when they are totalled purchase much," said the other. "Tonight, you are enabled to have hand grenades as well as a pistol."

Briefly, the personage gave his instructions and in a moment Hao-jan

was in the alley again. He was ready for the night.

Lieutenant Mutsu was ready for the night, too, as he stepped out smartly. Anticipated pleasures occupied his mind.

He paused a few moments to watch a purposeful group of his compatriots pounding with their rifle butts on the shuttered windows of a warehouse.

"A grenade thrower came this way," one of the soldiers told him. But Lieutenant Mutsu was late, and hurried on.

**H**AO-JAN crawled to the roof's edge, and watched the soldiers below. Minutes passed, an hour, two hours. Finally he stirred. He crouched against a low roof wall and examined his pistol.

"Night is for many things," he whispered to himself, as he shook off the desire for sleep, and set off across the roofs again toward the street of the bubbling wells.

Lieutenant Mutsu was in a happy mood as he came out into the street, warm with wine and satisfaction.

He did not hear the crack of the pistol. But his teeth were still gleaming in a smile when the patrol turned him over on his back. There was a bullet hole between his eyes.

Stolidly, Hao-jan took up his burden, joined the shuffling line of silent coolies who moved like ants in and out of the bowels of the great ship.

"These are bodies we carry," said the coolie behind him, "the bodies of those who were killed last night in the street of the bubbling wells, by those of our brothers who seek glory in the night."

"Lieutenant Mutsu," said an officer, checking off the name that was painted across the box which Hao-jan and the other set down.

They made their way back to the dock. Soon Hao-jan was asleep, despite the hot sun. He would have smiled if he had heard the words of a passing Englishman who said to his companion:

"See that coolie, sleeping there? They will never awaken to what is happening to them."

THE END

George E. Sprague, author of this and many other magazine stories, graduated in the Class of 1915. This story was also presented over a national network as a radio play, has been translated into Braille for the blind. Mr. Sprague lives in Saugus, is an executive editor of a Boston newspaper, was a war-time aviator.



# Letters From Alumni

Dear Saugus Students:

With eagerness and rapture I grasp the opportunity to acknowledge with a deep sense of gratitude the debt I owe to Saugus High School and its fine teaching staff at the time I was a student there, which was headed by that grand person, Leland A. Ross, whom we affectionately called "Pa" Ross.

I remember particularly one day when I was in the physics laboratory after school hours working out some experiments I had missed through absence. My problem at the moment was to determine the boiling point of water and the apparatus consisted of a little boiler under which an alcohol lamp burned. In the top of the boiler a cork was inserted with a hole in it for a thermometer.

But just as I was about to take a reading of the thermometer, when the mercury had risen to about the boiling point, the pressure of steam in the boiler caused the cork to pop out. This happened two or three times and I became quite exasperated.

Thinking I was quite alone in the laboratory, I said aloud: "Darn that cork, I'll do that experiment if I have to stay here all night."

The words were hardly out of my mouth when I felt a hand slap my back, and "Pa" Ross said: "That's the spirit Brady. I'll hold the darn cork in place for you."

That incident has often been a source of help to me when things have gone wrong during life and I have had difficult problems to solve.

My formal education ended with my graduation from Saugus High School in 1907, yet I was well enough equipped to begin work as a newspaper reporter, and have had some degree of success in the field of journalism, though I have had to compete with men of college education.

However, this has meant many long hours of study and reading at night without the invaluable guidance and instruction of teachers. With a college education my task would have been much easier, of course.

So I would advise graduates of Saugus High School this year to go to college by all means as competition in the work-a-day world is much keener today than it was when I stepped out into it, and among applicants for positions with a future the young man or young lady with a college degree always gets first consideration.

Class of 1907

Gratefully,  
John T. Brady,  
Color Feature Editor  
*Boston Sunday Post*

Dear Boys & Girls,

April 12, 1939

It is with pleasure I send the following message:

"Success in the pursuit you choose is never handed to you. Behind success must be Work, Interest, Patience, and Determination."

Class of 1916

Very truly yours,  
H. Melba Flockton Graham, Opt. D.



To the Class of 1939:

A smile will help you over many of the rough spots of life. Speak of your fellow men and fellow woman as you would like to be spoken of. Advice is like a dose of medicine—sometimes hard to take. Feel proud that you are a graduate of Saugus High School. Be thankful to those near and dear to you who made your education possible, and may a lifetime of success and happiness be yours.

George A. McCarrier

School Committee, Saugus

To the Students of Saugus High School:

I was a member of the first class to graduate from Saugus High School, which was then held in the Old Town Hall. Among the classmates who graduated with me, in March, 1875, were: Hattie M. Oliver, Lizzie L. Walton, Carrie Kimball, Charles W. Newhall, and Hattie Andrews. Mrs. Frances Newhall, one of the finest women I have ever known, was principal at that time.

The entertainment, presented by my class in 1874, is one of my outstanding memories, as it was the first one given by the students to raise money.

Much like present day pupils, I liked to cut up in class, but always managed to have my lessons done. Writing essays was particularly enjoyable to me, and the reading of them before the school was one of the class exercises.

The students of today think that they work under many difficulties, but in that first high school class, we had to overcome many obstacles, arising from the fact that the building was also used for town meetings and the members had little regard for school property.

Make the most of your education. The benefits derived from it are manifold and the pleasures can never be equalled.

Sincerely,

Class of 1875

(Miss) Susie M. Hall.

To the Class of '39:

As a student of the Saugus High School during the period of 1878-1880, I recall that in 1880, the year of my graduation, the total enrollment of the school was thirty-five, and our graduating class consisted of five girls and two boys.

The school, at that time, was in the present Town Hall, in that part which, until recently, was known as the Court Room, with a recitation room in the rear.

During our intermission, or recess period, we played games on a green plot in the square, where the present monument now stands. In the spring, it was baseball, and in the fall, football. The latter game differed considerably from its present form, as there was no massed play, and we either kicked the ball or batted it with our hands. The ball, itself, was a round rubber one, about twelve inches in diameter. As there were only about fourteen boys in the school, it would probably have been difficult even for coaches as efficient as your present staff to have produced any outstanding athletic teams.

The big social event of the year was the annual dance, for which the girls had to supply the cake; and the boys had to make the ice cream, with many long hours at the crank of the old-fashioned freezers.

Yours, for the old school,

Class of 1880

Peter J. Flaherty

Lynn, Mass.

Greetings from a member of the Class of 1900 to the Seniors, Class of 1939, and undergraduates now in Saugus High School.

Many friends ask "How does school compare today with your time. Do not students have more leisure, more pleasure and are the requirements lighter?"

While some requirements may be less for college entrance, certainly college standards are more exacting when so many students are dropped out during their freshman year.

Of course, we think we worked harder and had less leisure, yet comparisons are not exact but only relative.

Frankly as I listen to your graduation essays and recollect dimly some of ours I feel our efforts were distinctly puerile and that the students today are more advanced.

I do feel that there is a closer understanding and sympathy between students today and ourselves than between our elders and ourselves as students.

Between our Class and yours are nearly two generations, and we cherish a closer understanding because we are both a part of such a rapidly changing world that united action of young and old are necessary to preserve those heritages of freedom which we all cherish.

In our High School days great stress was put on an approaching new era, — more wealth, more leisure, bringing more pleasure and happiness.

In your day, wealth and happiness are still elusive, leisure and pleasure seem not only paramount but problems.

Must we not all realize that we all get the most out of life when we, through our own efforts, put the most into it.

Achievement by hard work and your own efforts bring true happiness and may you all attain it.

Sincerely,

Waldo B. Russell, Class of 1900

To Saugus High School Students:

March 4, 1939

Your very courteous letter of the 27th ultimo has been received and I desire to thank you for the opportunity of expressing a few of my thoughts to the students of Saugus High School.

To the Seniors who are about to leave our midst may I say that your Class has been most energetic and progressive and I feel sure that a bright and prosperous future is in store for you.

Many years have elapsed since I received my diploma in June, 1907 but I have never forgotten the pleasant associations connected with my four years in Saugus High School. I have remembered the sound advice administered by all of my teachers and that advice has been in many instances of material assistance in my daily occupation.

Your high school education is a real asset and a substantial background which should assist you in solving the various types of problems with which you will doubtless be confronted.

Conduct yourselves at all times in such a manner that your actions may reflect credit upon your parents, your school and your town and in your moments

of leisure look back upon the many happy hours which you enjoyed in Saugus High School.

To the undergraduates I can only say that you are enjoying the happiest days of your lives. Make the best of them ever remembering that you will soon be Seniors and entitled to your diploma which is a fitting tribute to your ability as students in our high school.

In conclusion may I take this opportunity to wish the Seniors and undergraduates a most happy and prosperous future.

Very sincerely,  
Harry F. Wentworth,  
Class of 1907  
Saugus, Mass.

To the members of the Class of 1939 there remains at least one comfort denied to millions of young men and women of many lands. They are still free citizens of a free state. In a world of rapid change, it is their privilege as well as duty, to keep intact this priceless inheritance.

Henry T. Claus.  
Saugus High School 1900  
April 17, 1939

Dear Saugus High School Students:

It gives me pleasure to write a word of greeting to you. Although it seems a good many years ago to you since the Class of 1912 graduated, I assure you it does not seem long at all to me, because the years have been such busy ones.

Due to financial conditions, I could not go to college after graduation, but I attended Bryant & Stratton, and for several years after graduation from that institution, I held secretarial positions in Boston. During the War I served as a Y. W. C. A. Secretary in the Boston organization.

Shortly after that, I took a position as Secretary to the Principal of Montpelier Seminary, Montpelier, Vermont, and after six months was made Dean of Girls and Secretary. I remained there for two years and then came to Cushing Academy where I have been since as Dean of Girls and Registrar. I have studied constantly and carried my work at the same time, and in June, 1939, I expect to receive my degree from Boston University. I have been made a member of Pi Lambda Theta, the honorary society of Schools of Education throughout the country. I tell you this merely to remind any student who is tending to be discouraged because they cannot yet see the way opened to do what they want to do, not to give in to discouragement. One can get where he wants to go if they are willing to pay the price of hard work and constancy of purpose.

My very good wishes go with you all  
Very truly yours,

Class of 1912

Vivian G. Hopkins  
Ashburnham, Massachusetts.



April 18, 1939

To Saugus Students:

Saugus High School is to be congratulated, in that the Senior Class of 1939 has displayed unusual initiative, as evidenced by the publication of an "Annual," the first in the history of our High School.

I am particularly pleased, as a graduate, to write a short message to the students of Saugus High School.

It behooves each and every student, and more especially those about to graduate, to set themselves up as examples for incoming classes to emulate.

You are but at the beginning of your career as you stand on the threshold of the life you are to enter as graduates.

Each has within himself the ability to make a good citizen and thereby reflect credit to Saugus High School and honor to himself.

No matter how obscure the place one finds oneself in, or how discouraging the outlook may be, each student must ever keep in mind the old proverb, "that a thing worth having is worth working for." Keep everlastingly at it, with vigor and determination however rough the path may be until you attain your goal.

Be ever mindful of your good fortune to live in a country where opportunity exists for all; in a great democracy where you have a chance to express your views freely, a right not enjoyed by millions in European countries now under the domination of dictators. Conquer fear and cast aside superstition and you have accomplished much.

Be steadfast in your convictions and always have the courage to express them. Respect everyone's opinion and do not try to foist your opinions on others, but rather resort to sound logic to win your point.

A poet writes things that others only think. An orator speaks of things that others dare not say. Respect others regardless of race, color, creed or nationality. Remember Robert Burns said, "A man's a man for all of that."

As you leave Saugus High School have abiding faith in the future. Just keep on being just yourself and you will be surprised how soon you will fit into your place in society and eventually reach your goal.

Apply the knowledge you have gained at Saugus High School. Follow the teachings of your home life, which have moulded your character and habits. Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you.

Having succeeded in all these things Saugus High School will be justly proud of the small part it has played in aiding you to be the liberty loving, God fearing citizens of tomorrow by whose conduct and whose acts the ideals and traditions of our forbears of this great nation will be perpetuated.

Yours very truly,

C. F. Nelson Pratt

Class of 1910

Salem, Mass.

Bands today play only *swing*,  
“*Off beat*” accent, that’s the thing,  
“*Fitterbugs*” crowd every floor,  
“*Jiving*,” “*shagging*,” screaming, “*More!*”

Right from Harlem to the Bronx,  
From the Ritz to “*Honkey-tonks*,”  
“*Longhairs*” “*moan*” and “*ickies*” “*hide*,”  
But all the “*gators*” live that “*ride*.”

Every “*hep-cat*,” “*bug*,” and “*gate*,”  
Has one “*orck*” they think is great,  
If they could get some “*rides*” to “*fake*,”  
Here’s who’d be featured at the “*bake*.”

Benny Goodman, “*King of Swing*,”  
Lionel Hampton, “*hear dem ring*,”  
Aggravated “*squares*” will “*moan*,”  
But here comes Dorsey’s great trombone.

Krupa beatin’ on the “*hides*,”  
Osborne’s “*mellow*” “*rockin*” “*slides*”  
With that set of “*killer*” “*plumbing*,”  
Any function gets off “*humming*.”

*Licorice stick* speels Jimmy Dorsey,  
No one ever said he’s “*mossy*,”  
Artie Shaw, he’ll take a “*riff*”  
Not “*schmaltz*,” or “*corny*,” but plenty “*stiff*.”

“*Jammin*,” “*ridin*,” “*blastin*,” “*jive*,”  
“*Alligators*” all “*alive*,”  
“*Barrel-house*,” and “*Dixie*” too,  
“It’s in the “*groove*,” this “*swingeroo*.”

“*Mellow*,” “*solid*,” plenty “*hep*,”  
“*Gut-buckets*,” “*swing licks*,” what a “*kep*,”  
“*Jumpin*,” “*rockin*,” “*fakin*,” “*swing*,”  
There is no doubt, it is the “*thing*.”

But “*hold tight*” friends and fellows “*cats*,”  
I grant you this, we tip our hats  
To all the *swing* and “*jive*,” you play,  
It’s new, it’s youth, today’s its day.

But we’re so very much confused,  
With all this “*hep*” “*vocab*” we’ve used,  
There’s just one thing we’d like to say,  
Is this Mozambique or the U. S. A?

Muriel MacInnes ’40

## Past, Present and Future

Live not with the mournful Past;  
It comes not back again;  
Look not on events aghast  
That do behind remain.

In the Present live; 'tis thine  
To do with what you will;  
Do not drown it in the wine,  
Realities of life to kill.

Meet the Future unafraid;  
And with a heart sincere;  
For in this you shall be repaid,  
So be consoled—don't fear!

Bernice Cooke '42

## Cobwebs

A fragile bit of mystic thread  
The spider weaves with silken tread;  
Spun on the wall by him at night,  
This magic web attracts our sight.

With cobweb patterns on the lawn  
We know a new day has been born;  
Dame nature cherishes this one  
Who works before the rising sun.

His rare designs of filmy grace  
Are copied for milady's lace;  
Yet mortal hands his craft destroy,  
As if it were a useless toy.

He roams about quite endlessly;  
In yonder empty houses we see  
At every turn his handiwork,  
Protecting sites where treasures lurk.

He seeks not aid of any man,  
Just swiftly works as best he can;  
Philosophy of life he shows:  
Persistent courage, then repose.

Dorothy Cashen '39



**Dawn On The Rhine**  
from  
Wagner's "Gotterdammerung"

That fateful motif deep in soft-blown horn  
Forbodes of death; and sudden stir of wind  
Sends fearful shudder through the grass and trees.  
How cold and dank that air! The heavy mists,  
As still as death, the lifeless river shroud;  
While from the bank a frog croaks out its dirge.  
The birds begin to wake, and growing light  
Its shadows starts to weave among the trees.  
The mossy banks with cobwebs all are draped,  
As furniture in some deserted room  
With sheets of silver sheen. Not silver long,  
For in the east appears a brighter tinge,  
Which stretches out its hands to reach the earth  
With Midas' golden touch, and fingers lays  
On each moist leaf or blade of dewy grass,  
Or even on the hoary veil itself.  
Now Dawn relentless sweeps away the mist,  
And Wagner's brass announces day's approach  
In tones that only this great master knew.  
The sun mounts high, insuring Dark's retreat;  
On more Day triumphs bright o'er Night's defeat.

Sidney Woodsum '39

**"Frenzy"**

The gate clanged behind me as I, having shown my pass, walked slowly by the attendants. White garbed individuals, composed and business-like, in contrast to the tense, insanely joyful beings about me, brushed past.

As I proceeded down the walk, I could not help but notice the surrounding atmosphere. Some eyes gleefully sparkled, some were remorseful, some were contemptuous. Here was just such an array of faces that one would expect to find in an institution for the insane.

The attendants walked back and forth as if preserving order in anticipation of some unforeseen difficulty.

As I walked on, I caught a glimpse of a familiar figure. He motioned for me to join him. When I approached him, he said, "Hurry, it's nearly time for the kick-off."

Robert Burns '39

# Destination

He relaxed in the soft-cushioned seat of the Transcontinental plane, heaved a great sigh, and smiled. It was odd what an interest he had in his surroundings once more. With that calmness of a man who had felt error and escaped it, he was even able to enjoy the vision of Dr. Fobson as he tried to reconcile a man to his death—"Although your days are numbered, if you—"

Staring out the window, but not seeing the slowly gathering storm clouds, Ronald Wilcox recalled the pity of his friends when they had heard of his fate. He remembered their unanimous advice, "Go out and enjoy yourself. With your money you should be able to pack a lifetime into a few weeks." But then there was that inner spark, not exactly conscience, but some guiding light within him which urged a different course. Especially there returned to his mind that first wonderful night in which, instead of becoming reconciled to his destiny, he resolved to do all in his power to alter it. He realized, and in this was his happiness, that the saddest part of his end would have been his lack of accomplishments. Instead of aiding the hand of death by indulging in excessive luxury, he had resolved to build up his body, mind, and soul. He determined that he would really live, and so he had. Instead of being just another Manhattan playboy, his days were busy with the travel and work of a rising young author, and best of all, the last gray slab wouldn't be added to the Wilcox garden for some years yet.

His thoughts returned to his present surroundings, and his gaze turned from the clouds to his fellow passengers. Of late, his writing had caused him to observe his associates closely. The middle-aged lady in front of him, seemingly enthralled with the "Dialogues of Plato," most certainly was a school teacher. The pompous gentleman to his left, a politician, and the garrulous young man, a reporter or an insurance salesman. Strange, how the frightened young girl in blue reminded him of Linda. It wasn't the light in her eye, no—nor her other features—yet—there was something about the expression. He wondered if Linda would be at the field to greet him. She must be glad, now, that they had not married when he was in the depths of despair. At last they could be happy and not have a shadow hanging over them.

In the next hour or so, Ronald, absorbed in the problems of his current novel, was toying with the idea of inserting a new character. Miss Pendergast, the Plato-Lover, whom he pictured as the domineering, unsolicited overseer of other people's lives, would make an ideal complication in the plot.

Suddenly, Ronald became conscious of a tenseness in the atmosphere. The reporter's incessant flow of conversation stopped. The arrogant gentleman was aroused from his heavy sleep. The stewardess herself was panic-stricken. The eyes of the girl in blue bulged in terror, as she uttered a piercing shriek. The lights flickered—went out. They were going to crash! All but Ronald sprang forward or sat rigid. He remained as before, relaxed in his soft upholstered seat. In those last few seconds whirling through space, his mind carried a hundred thoughts, but uppermost was this, "At least, now I am not afraid."

—Andrea Pearce

## My Friend

A friend is some one,  
So we're told,  
Who'll never nag us,  
Never scold;  
Who understands our  
Joys and strife,  
And helps us lead  
A better life.  
He helps us find  
The hidden path  
That leads to peace  
And not to wrath.  
He's close beside us  
All along;  
He tells us if  
We're right or wrong.  
And so, when all  
is at an end,  
There's no one that  
Is like my friend.

Jean Marsh '39

## The Jumper

The boy stood on the ski jump,  
The anxious crowd below;  
His heart became a leaden lump,  
As the starter bade him go.  
His heart was stilled by icy fear,  
As brutal laughter reached his ear.  
Unable to move, unable to speak,  
A shameful blush upon his cheek,  
Ashamed to stay, afraid to start,  
A crushing weight upon his heart;  
Cursed from behind, called from below,  
Ashamed to stay, unable to go,  
He stood there in a dire trance,  
Sunk in the depths of woe;  
His knees were doing a Lambeth dance  
(He hoped they didn't show,)  
He wished that he had ne'er been born;  
Or else his days had come and gone.  
And then his skis began to slip—  
And down the shoot he slid;  
We saw him glide out off the tip—  
Amazed at what he did.  
He landed upright, skidded true,  
And tried it again; you would have too!

John Entwistle '39



## Winter Is Near

The squirrels' nests with food now are full;  
The wild geese honk as they southward pull;  
Startled deer flee from the gun which they hear—  
All these things warn us that winter is near.

The howling winds through the naked trees blow;  
Ice-laden streams along frosty banks flow;  
Asters now sob, as they quiver with fear—  
All these things warn us that winter is near.

There are shouts of the boys as pignuts they search,  
The call of the crow from his high lonely perch,  
And the frowns of the farmers when at cold skies they peer—  
All these things warn us that winter is near.

Cold leaden clouds from the west are advancing;  
Soon ice flakes on the rocks will be dancing;  
Ah! The fall of the first snow of the year—  
All these things warn us that winter is here.

Walter Kasabuski '39

## When Winter Changes Into Spring

The twenty-first of March has changed the Winter into Spring;  
Out on the ground where lies the snow, it did not change a thing.  
But in the sky, the birds are soaring blithely to and fro;  
They did not seem to understand why Winter left its snow.

Yet, they still sing and happy are,  
And happy they will stay.  
A better place we'd have to live  
If we were all that way.

Robert March '40

## A Meeting on the Bridge

The man gazing over the rail of the bridge into the channel unconsciously compared its unknown depths to the problems he, himself was facing. He was tall and gaunt, neatly dressed in a dark, loose suit, and without a hat to keep the mist from gathering on his black, bushy hair. His thin, seamed face looked haggard under the strain of uncertainty and despair which he seemed to be enduring.

Jerry Brown saw the stranger leaning on the rail. Divining the man's discouragement and hoping to cheer him, Jerry struck up a conversation.

"Rather sulky weather," he ventured. The man slowly turned and with a smile nodded assent.

Encouraged by the smile, Jerry launched into easy conversation. His casual familiarity struck a responsive cloud in the stranger, who listened politely. The boy had been speaking but a few moments when he abruptly directed the conversation into a different channel.

It was evident to the stranger that this new subject was meant to relieve his mental depression. He sincerely welcomed this spirit of helpfulness, and listened willingly to the cheerful voice. Jerry continued, "My father once said, difficulties always confront the person who wants to get ahead. The big task is not to let difficulties hinder our progress."

"I remember this by recalling to mind the life of a man whose perseverance I am earnestly trying to acquire. When he was twenty-two, he started a store with a partner who didn't care what happened to the business. Unfortunately it failed. Undaunted, he started again with a different partner. This one drank excessively, and later died, leaving the young man for the second time to shoulder the bills. He was quite young, you know, to have to face situations like this. Still, he kept his chin up.

"Then a friend of his obtained a surveyor's job for him and he had to borrow money to get equipment. After he had his equipment, a creditor took the land for debt, as he lost the job. Fate sure seemed to have it in for him."

At this point, Jerry hesitated, and his next few words were spoken with a quiet reverence.

"Life didn't seem satisfied to keep him from making something of himself in business, but it tried to crush what spirit he had left, by taking his first and only love. Afterward he said his heart followed her to the grave.

"I guess this was the final straw—he broke down and was nursed back to health by his folks. Ten years later he tried his hand at politics, but it evidently wasn't for him. Nine years later he was still trying, but had not succeeded. In thirty years he hadn't been able to gain one personal victory. When he was fifty-two years old, perhaps destiny realized it hadn't helped the worthiest of men . . ." Jerry drew himself up to his full six feet, "because sir, he was elected President of the United States. He has just brought us through the Civil War,—the biggest job he ever tackled. He carried it through as he has every job, and this time he has won. This wasn't only a personal victory,—he did it for everyone's good."

Jerry fell silent, and after a moment the stranger spoke, his eyes a bit wet, "Son, this chat has done a great deal for me. You have rendered me a greater service than you know."

Jerry smiled. "It sometimes helps a lot if you talk over your troubles with someone. I live just at the end of the bridge here. You're welcome anytime, pal,—might do you good to come over once in a while.

"By the way, my name's Jerry Brown,—what's yours?"

"Abraham Lincoln," was the quiet reply.

Helen Rounds '40





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